

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXIII.

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A SUNSET.

"With such a sky to lead him on,"
 But whither will it lead me now,
 This fire that burns upon the brow
 Of the visionary west,
 Calling my spirit to the quest
 Of yet deeper marvels done
 Beyond the porches of the sun?

Now is the sun's last glory thrown
 Across the spaces of my thought,
 And like a brooding prophet caught
 In a dream of things unknown
 I stand enchanted and alone.
 I stand upon the sacred hill
 With all the world laid dark and still
 Below me; ranges, line on line,
 Hushed in a silence like to mine,
 As if assembled to await
 A cloudy tragedy of fate
 Now to be played at Heaven's Gate.

The play begins and, mass by mass,
 Slowly the great cloud legions pass.
 The golden heroes rise and loom
 As if against the fires of doom;
 Proudly they rise, and, one by one,
 They break before the fatal sun.

Still not a sound. I find it strange
 To stand alone and watch the sky
 Passing through this tumultuous
 change

Of cloud and fire so silently.
 Should there not be a tumult, too,
 Of thunder music rolling through
 Like giant changes, to attend
 This strife of giants to its end?
 Music and only music can
 Present the towering hopes of man,
 His splendid piteous war with fate,
 In forms so vast and passionate.
 Only by music is the doom
 Of noble things that change and die
 Unfolded in so large a room
 As these great spaces of the sky.
 Yet hearing music man but hears
 His own desires, his own vain tears;
 And it is strange that he should find,
 In forces so remote and blind,
 In silent changes of the air
 And conflicts of the sun and wind,
 Such symbols of his own despair.

Symbols, and never a clear sign.
 Shadows, and nothing fixed or plain—
 Nothing? Nay, the divine

Passion of beauty sounds in all
 Our music of despair and pain,
 Making a secret call
 To the unknown heart of life;
 And through the sunset's dying strife
 An answer comes again;
 And by the flush of Heaven we know
 The passion of beauty that is ours,
 That fills the earth with songs and
 flowers
 And shines in the far mountain snow,
 Moves also the high powers
 Beyond our range of thought.
 Pain, death, and our despairs are
 nought
 But phantoms, like the clouds, that
 take
 The flush of beauty as they break.
 By shapes and sounds of beauty we
 Hold converse with Infinity,
 That answers us with cloud and fire
 And with the voices of the sea,
 Saying she too hath our desire
 And vision of a Heaven to be.

A. Clutton-Brock.

The Speaker.

TO MURIEL.

WHO WILL MISPRONOUNCE ANYTHING.

It was your nature. You were never
 taught
 The inalienable wayful words that fell
 From sweetly mispronouncing lips,
 pêle-mêle;
 The right divine of children is not
 bought
 For rubles or for gold: a gift unsought
 Undreamed of, it is theirs: I might as
 well
 Forecast the curves of swallows, Mu-
 riel,
 As that bewildering coinage of your
 thought.
 You will not learn your grammar, some
 one says,
 O! me, the foolish elders, how they
 preach!
 I cannot blame you, I can only praise
 As fairer flowers that blow beyond
 our reach
 Your native incommunicable ways
 The wise haphazard of your fairy
 speech.

Hugh Macnaghten.

The Saturday Review.

THE QUEST OF PROLONGED YOUTH.

We make the third part of medicine regard the prolongation of life; this is a new part, and deficient, though the most noble of all; for if it may be supplied, medicine will not then be wholly versed in sordid cures, nor physicians be honored only for necessity, but as dispensers of the greatest early happiness that could well be conferred on mortals; for though the world be but as a wilderness to a Christian traveling through to the promised land, yet it would be an instance of the divine favor that our clothing, that is our bodies, might be a little worn while we sojourn here.—Bacon, "Advancement of Learning."

Far in the long ago the adventurous, restless mariners of Greece sailed away in search of Hyperborea—the land beyond the winds, where the sun shone always and life was unending youth. The beautiful land was never found, or if any found it they never cared to return. Centuries after, when the existence of America was revealed, men thought it might be there, beyond the seas; and we recall the endeavors of Ponce de Leon to find the legendary Isle of Bimini, a draught of whose waters would dispel the cares of age.

In the interval alchemy had been born, and we know that its mysteries were dominated in the main by two thoughts: the one was the wonderful stone which should transmute the baser metals to gold; the other was the elixir of life which should banish death.

Mariner and alchemist failed alike. To-day most of the mystery is gone, with its Hyperborea and all its kind. The lands beyond the winds are known. Scarce a foot of the earth worth treading has escaped the explorer's heel. Alchemy, like astrology, was the larva from which a great science should spring; from this strange

chrysalis chemistry was born. When it came forth it gave over the quest of the philosophers' stone, the elixir of life as well.

But man has not. In proportion as life has grown more interesting, more varied, more wonderful, in proportion as the world has widened, as knowledge has come, as we have learned to see beyond our eyes, to hear beyond our ears, to feel beyond our primitive senses, the desire to live has been intensified rather than satiated.

But still, in the face of all our wondrous advance in knowledge, we die; still we grow old. In some regards we are no wiser, have got no further, than the savage cave-dweller of twenty, it may be forty or a hundred, thousand years ago.

It is strange, for next to poverty and disease, the most dreaded thing in this world is death; and beyond doubt, after the dread of death, comes the dread of old age. If there is any disease in the world it is this. No one looks forward to it with eager anticipation. Nobody welcomes it, nobody enjoys it. There is no one who would not escape if there were any way in human power. It is a disease, that is to say it is essentially a pathological condition. There are not a few of the most eminent physiologists living who regard it as practically a specific disease. If you turn to medical text-books, you will find senile degeneration there described in *extenso*, premature or precocious senility as well. But for it there exists no therapy, no cure. Is it, for all that, a wholly hopeless problem?

It may be that we shall never learn to avert old age. It may be, but there is no *à priori* certainty. Whether we do or not, it seems possible that we may at least learn its cause.

At the present time of the cause of old age we know practically nothing whatever.

Further than this, there exists, so far as the writer's knowledge extends, but a single work written within recent years which attempts to elaborate even a working theory as to the cause. We have, of course, Metchnikoff's well-known ideas, sketched in various articles, and in his recent book, "*La Nature Humaine*." We have the teleological conceptions of Weismann; we have the arterio-sclerosis picture of Demange; and there is a multitude of smaller contributions, dealing with various phases of the malady. They are all of them essentially sketches; do any of them offer a clue?

I.

In a work appearing four years ago, Dr. M. Mühlmann, a physician in Odessa, put forth an explanation as simple as it was uncompromising. The solution which he gave was to all intents and purposes a geometrical proposition. His idea was simply this:

If you take the simplest form of life, a single-celled plant or animal, you will perceive that the first condition of its existence is that it *grows*. It cannot stand still. If it does not grow it dies. In order to grow it must have food materials, and, with some exceptions noted, air. These materials of growth it takes up through the entire surface of its body.

The inevitable consequence of growth is that when the cell has reached a certain size, it divides in two. If this process of cell-division results in two separated individuals, the life of each is but a repetition of that of the single cell from which they sprung. But if the dividing cells remain united, that is to say, in contact one with another, the conditions of life and nutrition are changed. Instead of presenting the

entire surface of a sphere for the intake of food and air, each cell will have only a little more than half. The balance is taken up by the contact wall between them. When these two cells again divide, they do so transversely, with the result of forming approximately a square. The free surface of each cell is again reduced by another contact wall. With the third division, the direction of cleavage of the cells is again changed, with the result of forming a double layer with four cells in each. Again the free surface of each cell is diminished.

Mühlmann's theory is that the nutrition of each cell is directly proportional to its free surface. With the reduction of this free surface, nutrition is reduced. The result of this reduced nutrition is degeneration in a very broad sense.

Following out this process of cell development, it is apparent that in the cluster of cells formed with a fourth division, two interior layers will be formed, each containing two cells which have no free surface whatever; two others will have but a very slight free surface. As the process goes on, there is an inevitable increase in the number of cells with no free surface, that is to say, in the number of cells which must be dependent for their nutrition upon such materials as they may gain from the cells adjoining them. These interior cells tend to atrophy and disappear. The result is the formation of the familiar little cup-like figures of the so-called gastrula stage of the developing embryo. This, and the succeeding figures as well, are, in the Mühlmann view, simply the result of a geometrically conditioned insufficiency of nutrition in the inner layers.

Mites and monkeys, mice and men, are simply complications of these primitive conditions, with millions or billions of cells organized together into a

community of interest, instead of one or a few. All of them have a like origin, that is to say, every individual originates by successive cell divisions from the single primal germ cell.

The whole process of development, Dr. Mühlmann holds, is but a repetition on a broad scale of these geometrical conditions of associated cell growth. The atrophy of the interior cells leads eventually to their destruction, with the result that in the developing mass there are formed hollow spaces which coalesce into tubes. These eventually result in the ducts, arteries, veins, alimentary canal, &c.

The whole process is dominated by the simple mathematical fact—that while the mass of living material increases as the cube of unit dimension, the free surface exposed to the exterior, or to the interior vessels and tubes, can only increase as the square. Presumably as the result of the physical and chemical organization of the cell, this insufficiency of nutrition gives rise to the extraordinary complicity of organs, glands, ducts, and arteries of which various animal forms are composed. Growth may continue for a more or less indefinite period; but the inevitable condition is that of an increasing difficulty in obtaining building materials which must finally end in a standstill. This is old age, and finally death.

It follows from this theory that the beginning of cell degeneration, which finally leads to the destruction of multi-cellular organisms, lies in the first division of the germ-cell. This is to say that old age begins with growth and is the geometrical result of the dividing cells remaining in contact or union with each other.

It follows further from this that the most obvious evidences of senile decay will be found in the cells which, by reason of their location with reference to the channels of nutrition, have the

greatest difficulty in securing oxygen and food. The proof of this Dr. Mühlmann endeavors to find in a detailed examination of the different organs of the animal body.

The organs which lie farthest from the sources of supply are the nerves and the brain, and this is precisely the part of the organism which first ceases to grow. In the human animal, the brain and nervous system attain their maximum growth at fourteen or fifteen years. Next in remoteness come the bones of the skeleton, which attain their maximum weight at about twenty. Then come the muscles, which continue to grow up to thirty or forty. Finally we have the most exteriorly situated parts of the body, the skin, the lungs, the linings of the alimentary canal, &c., which continue to grow up to a period of advanced age.

Such in very brief compass, as nearly as I may present it, is the theory. It has the merit, as I have said, of being the first systematic attempt to account for the phenomena of old age and natural death. The modest volume in which Dr. Mühlmann presents his ideas, "*Die Ursache des Alters*," is written with a clearness, simplicity and incisive argumentation which make it a model of scientific literature. But will the theory hold?

It is obvious that if the cause of decay which we call old age in animals, ripening and fruition in plants, is inherent in the nature of the organism itself, any attempt to prolong life is simple folly. So Dr. Mühlmann holds. He does not touch upon the botanical side of life at all. He does not attempt to explain, for example, the potential immortality of a garden hedge, regularly trimmed down. His arguments and his illustrations are based wholly upon the animal organism. What are the difficulties?

One of the very first objections that would occur is the very obvious one of

the average duration of life. If the theory were true, one would expect that the simpler the organization, the longer the life. If complexity of cell organization means increasing difficulty in nutrition, then we should expect to find animals with millions and billions of cells shorter lived, and those with but a few, longer. In general the reverse is the case. Welsmann and others have pointed out that, very broadly, age increases with size. Thus for example, while may-flies live but a few hours, moths but a few days, elephants and whales may live to be two hundred years and more; great trees still longer. The huge *Andasomas* of the Cape Verde Islands are said to live six thousand years.

It is evident, however, that even here there is no "law." Carp and pike may live to be as old as elephants and whales. The horse lives to be forty, but so do cats and toads; a sea anemone is known to attain over fifty years. Eagles and vultures are said to attain a vast age, a hundred years and more; but so do ravens with not a tenth part of their bulk. There is a wide difference in the size of a pig and a cray fish; but they attain about the same age—twenty years.

Moreover, on any purely geometrical theory of old age, it would be difficult to account for the fact that members of the same species, with practically the same size and organization, vary very greatly in the duration of life, hence, in the onset of old age. Thus, while a female moth lives but three or four days, the male may live two or three times as long. On the other hand, while male bees live but a few months, the queens may live several years. Male ants live but a few weeks, but the queens normally live for five or six years at least. There is not a vast difference in size or organization in, let us say, a canary or a blackbird or a cuckoo; but while the canary lives only

about ten years, a nightingale may live nearly twice as long, and a cuckoo three times. Probably it would be difficult to show that there is any striking difference in the longevity of very short and very large men, or between giants and dwarfs.

In a word, it is not clear that size or complexity of structure are the determining factors in the duration of life, hence not a cause of an early or late arrival of old age.

Again, it is a matter of the most familiar observation that the momentary cutting off of the oxygen supply means unconsciousness and speedily death. The first to feel the lack of oxygen are the brain and the nerves. The condition of their life is an incessant renewal of the supply. This does not seem to accord with the Mühlmann theory, since the nerves, being situated in the most deeply protected parts of the body, should be the last to feel the effects of a reduced supply. It is difficult to account, in this view, for their extreme and almost instant insensibility.

Moreover, it is the recent observation of some Italian investigators, who examined a number of subjects between seventy-five and eighty-five years of age, that while the nerve-cells had plainly undergone a process of dissolution, these cells were in the most intimate relation with the course of the blood-vessels. The Italian authors therefore drew the obvious conclusion that the degeneration of the nerve-cells was due to changes in the blood-supply itself.

Again, Demange, in his very carefully detailed picture of the degeneration of the arteries, shows that decay begins with the internal coat of the arteries, that is to say, in the cells with the easiest access to the materials of nutrition. It is the middle coat, the muscular coat, which is next attacked; the exterior coat last. This again is

precisely the reverse of what should take place if Mühlmann's theory were correct.

For another thing, while death in man and the higher animals usually comes with any prolonged cessation of consciousness, this is not necessarily the case. The seat of consciousness is the brain, and innumerable experiments upon dogs, monkeys, pigeons, frogs, and other animals have shown that the entire great brain may be removed and the animals live on for an indefinite period. If the degeneration of the nervous system were the initial event in old age then we should reasonably expect that the removal of the most important part of the nervous system would mean rapid senile decay. This has not been observed.

Finally, it has been repeatedly shown that with care and attention some forms of life may be prolonged to several times their natural period of existence. Sir John Lubbock, now Lord Avebury, succeeded in keeping alive queen ants, whose natural period of life is about five years, for thirteen and fifteen years. There is no essential difference between the organization of ants and that of man. We may, therefore, conclude that whatever may be the measure of truth in the Mühlmann theory, a considerable prolongation of human life is not, *à priori*, a hopeless task.

II.

The process of old age as sketched by Demange is essentially that of insufficient nutrition, brought about by the disorganization and decay of the finer blood-vessels and capillaries. The idea that "a man is as old as his arteries" dates far back. It must have been a very early observation that the arteries often harden and take on almost a bony nature with advancing age. It may come early in life. Then it is accounted a disease, and bears the

name of arterio-sclerosis, that is to say, artery hardening.

Demange endeavors to reveal this process as not merely a universal accompaniment, but as the cause of old age. A very general accompaniment it undoubtedly is, but universal it probably is not. The blood-vessels of individuals who had attained one hundred years and more—the celebrated Harvey reports the case of old Parr, who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two years—have been found with no evidence of the inroads of arterial hardening. On the other hand, it may appear very early and yet not result in senile decay. The cause of old age therefore it can hardly be.

It might be added that even if it were it is to be noted that the arteries themselves are made up of a countless multitude of cells, formed and nourished like other cells. We should still have to inquire what makes the arteries grow old. It cannot be mere wear, for degeneration does not appear earliest in the larger arteries where the blood torrent is strong and swift; but in the finer vessels where the force of the current is reduced to its lowest point.

In a word, arterial degeneration is but a part of the general decay to which all the organs of the body are subject. The connection between arterio-sclerosis and old age is not a casual connection; the two run parallel rather; the first is but a form and evidence of the latter.

III.

The representation of old age offered by Metchnikoff, like that of Demange, is founded upon a microscopic examination of the tissues, but the picture is altogether more enlivening. The famous Russian pathologist extends to the field of senile decay essentially the same conceptions which he introduced

with such brilliant success into the explanation of the manner in which the body fights disease.

Every one recalls how he describes the battles of the phagocytes or devouring cells with the hosts of invading bacteria—of how, when there is any break in the bodily defences, as in a wound, an inflammation and the like, the large uncolored cells of the blood and lymph-vessels march out almost in battle array and eat up all the bacteria they can find—of how sometimes these devouring cells take in such quantities of bacteria that they have indigestion and die, and that in this case, or through insufficiency in number of the phagocytes, the disease makes inroads, gains head, and may accomplish the destruction of the body; but if the phagocytes are victorious we get well.

Some such struggle Metchnikoff finds between the cells of the living body, and that when some of these devouring cells attack, not disease-bearing invaders from without, but the noblest elements of the tissues instead, we have the phenomena of old age.

For example, one of the most familiar facts of advancing years is the whitening of the hair. What causes it? Metchnikoff for the first time has offered an explanation. The hair, like other portions of the body, is made up of cells; the exterior layers are filled with grains of pigment which give the hair its specific color. Under influences at present entirely obscure the larger cells, constituting the marrow of the hair, begin to show a curious activity, and proceed to devour or absorb all the pigment within their reach. They abstract it from the other cells. Stuffed full of these pigment grains, these cells become mobile, and in their migration carry away with them the substance which gives the hair its color.

Metchnikoff distinguishes among these devouring cells two varieties; the

one which he calls the microphags, that is the little devourers, whose main business is with the defence of the organism; these are always mobile, and wander about in the blood, the lymph, and the tissues; and the second variety, the macrophags, sometimes mobile, sometimes fixed. Old age is the work of the macrophags. Everywhere throughout the body, in the brain, in the nerves, in the important organs, Metchnikoff pictures these devouring cells as attacking the most active elements of the tissues, that is to say, brain cells, the liver cells, the kidney cells, and converting these into a sort of connective tissue, no longer able to carry on their former functions.

This in no essential way differs from the general picture of fatty or fatty-granular degeneration which all authors unite in describing as the noteworthy fact in the tissues and organs of the old. The element of interest added by Metchnikoff is the dramatic way in which this degeneration is brought about, namely, through the agency of these specific devouring cells.

It could not fail to be of interest and doubtless of enlightenment, if we had here seized the true mechanism of old age; but, as so often happens, it may be that its author has mistaken a part for the whole. It seems clear enough that such a struggle between the tissues does take place, and without doubt it is associated with the general phenomena of decay. But more than one investigator has risen up against Metchnikoff to show that the decay may yet take place without the intervention of the macrophags at all. In a word, the nerve cell, the liver cell, the elements which carry on the actual work of these organs, may degenerate and be resolved into fatty-granular substance and connective tissue, apparently without the intervention of any visible outside agency whatever. The ageing of the body is the ageing of the

cells; but we do not yet understand what it is which makes the cells grow old, what makes us die.

IV.

The origin of death is a subject that must have fascinated many a mind. Of all the theories yet offered, probably that of Weismann will hold best, if for no other reason than that it is rather vague and goes but a very little way. He conceives death and, *à fortiori*, old age, as simply a part of the universal adaptation of organisms to their environment. It is easy to see that there is a limit to the amount of life which could be sustained on earth. If therefore any species or form of life were immortal, it would, by the mere process of reproduction, sometime or other reach the limit of numbers which the earth could support.

In point of fact this limit could be reached in a very short time by the simplest and smallest forms of life we know. If bacteria could go on reproducing for a few weeks at the same rate that they divide and multiply in the test-tube, their bulk would fill the waters of the ocean.

Supposing a beginning of life at any given time, there would therefore ensue, sooner or later, a struggle for existence among the individuals, in which the weakest would go down, the strongest, best adapted, survive. If the mere conditions of existence therefore account for the appearance of death in this world, it is not difficult to see how a process of selection might fix a natural term of life to the various forms which make their appearance. Weismann does not carry his theory far; with him, old age and death become the working of a vague teleology, and teleology is about done for in the rational explanation of the appearances and happenings of this world.

In its logical working out, the Weis-

mann idea would refer old age to conditions inherent in the organism of each individual; and this is essentially the idea of the majority of writers, Canstatt, Johannes Müller, Verworn and others who have touched upon this subject at all.

But what are these "inherent" conditions? It is very easy to say that natural old age is simply mal-nutrition; but this is a description and not an explanation. We wish to know the cause of mal-nutrition. In the human body, what we call growth continues up to around twenty-four to twenty-eight. Then for about an equal period, the balance of the bodily exchanges, the balance of nutrition and usury seems to be fairly maintained; then a decline sets in. Why should we cease to grow? After having been kept up so long at a general level, why should there be this rather abrupt decline?

Obviously we need a theory of growth; but if we had that, then we should know what is life. We have neither the one nor the other.

What is yet more exasperating, it does not seem as if we can get hold of a single general fact, a single principle, for the conduct of life which will in any way notably prolong life. A great deal of pious nonsense has been written, many excellent rules prescribed, for the attainment of happy old age. They do not seem worth a great deal.

It is rather discouraging to find that neither health, wealth, enjoyment of life, mental or muscular vigor, careful living, good habits or bad, nor exterior conditions, seem to have much to do with the age to which one lives. Country folk do not attain a greater average age than city folk. The neurasthenic, the hypochondriac, the valetudinarian and the invalid seem to stand as good, or better, a chance for attaining a great age than a robust, vigorous individual who never knew a

day's illness. Brain workers do not live longer than farm laborers. A tailor will live to be quite as old as a king. Free users of alcohol, tobacco and other poisons often live to be ninety and a hundred, where teetotalers will die at fifty or sixty.

The daily dose of laudanum taken by de Quincey rose to a good sized wine-glass; a few drops of it would have killed an ordinary man or woman. Coleridge was almost as bad. Coleridge lived to be sixty-one, De Quincey to seventy-four. De Quincey especially was a thin, big-headed, rickety little man. He probably never knew what physical vigor was. He had no robust constitution to destroy.

It is a familiar tale that Herbert Spencer put his affairs in order at a little past forty, and never expected to complete his projected philosophy. He was a life-long invalid, and he lived to be eighty-four. Darwin broke down at thirty-two; for the rest of his life he could not work for more than an hour at a time, when he had to give up and rest. He lived to be seventy years and over. The list could be extended indefinitely.

It is, to be sure, impossible to say that if a man had not been an excessive smoker, an excessive drinker, or an excessive user of drugs, he would not have lived twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer than he did. But the negative evidence is surely disconcerting. We do not order our lives. They are appointed for us; and within limits of practical *auto da fé* it does not seem to make a great deal of difference what kind of a life we live. If there is any kind of determination at all, the length of our days seems fixed in the organization we inherit.

But even here there seems no predictable certainty. It is a matter of the most familiar observation that members of the same family do not

always die at the same age. One could undoubtedly find an equal variation or an equal agreement in individuals unrelated either by family, nation or race. It was a remark of Tarchanoff that the various peoples of the world, whether they live in the heat of the equator or in the cold of the polar circles, and though they have an entirely different food diet and utterly different habits of existence, still show about the same average duration of life.

V.

This is assuredly not a highly cheering outlook for the Ponce de Leons of to-day. Nevertheless there is in all this little real ground for discouragement or pessimism. Physiology was born but yesterday.

It is difficult to realize how recent is our knowledge of the body, and of life generally, even of the things now taught to children. So great a man as Bacon died doubting the circulation of the blood. Newton did not know what happens in taking air into the lungs. Franklin probably never heard of oxygen; Lavoisier's discovery was made but the year before he died. The life of Laplace had ended before men knew the mechanism of the nerves; to Sir Humphry Davy it was new. Neither ever heard of pepsin. Gladstone probably died still believing in the separate creation of the species. Much, I had almost said most, of our knowledge of the more intimate processes of life has come within a very few years. Let us take a few examples:

(1) As to the mere chemical analysis of the bodily constituents. This was long ago supposed to be complete, at least so far as the recognition of elementary substances was concerned. Very recently, however, it has been shown that such out-of-the-way substances as arsenic and iodine are normal constituents of the body—not

merely normal, but absolutely essential. It is needless to remark on the importance of the recognition of at least one of these. Of the poisons wherewith murders are committed, arsenic roughly forms, perhaps, 95 per cent. When a person appears to have died of poisoning, and traces of arsenic have been found, it is not very difficult to see that a chemist, ignorant of the fact that arsenic belongs in the body normally, might be led to believe that a murder had been committed. It would be foolish to exaggerate the importance of this; nevertheless it is entirely conceivable that, sheerly from ignorance, innocent persons have been condemned to death on this account.

Iodine, again, has been shown to be the important active principle of the thyroid, the little gland of the neck, and this in turn has been revealed as one of the important regulating organs of the body. So, again, copper has been shown to be a normal constituent among some mollusks. We have learned, too, to know that the presence of mineral salts, salts of copper and iron and the like, are absolutely essential in the culture-solutions in which bacteria are grown. This may be but a trace so minute as practically to escape the familiar methods of chemical analysis, delicate soever as they may be. It is not improbable that minute traces of the salts are equally essential to the life functions in general.

(2) If a few years ago any one had been asked what was probably the most important single chemical constituent in the life process, one would undoubtedly have answered oxygen. On a superficial view, life seemed, chemically, more or less a form of oxidation. Deprived of oxygen for but a few moments, we die. Nevertheless, forms of life have been found, the so-called anaerobic bacteria which may live in an atmosphere oxygen free. Not merely that, but some forms have

been found to which free oxygen is fatal. Obviously then oxygen is not absolutely essential to the intimate process of life. It seems as if this fact may shed a deal of light upon vital chemism, and, indeed, the more advanced physiologists are coming now to believe that, so far as life is concerned, oxidation is rather a secondary or ulterior process, that the more essential vital processes do not involve the intervention of oxygen, and that, under some conditions, the rôle of oxygen may be taken up by other substances.

(3) From the various tissues of the body some curious extracts have been made: for example, a very valuable addition to the list of local anesthetics which have recently been made is adrenalin. It is a powerful heart stimulant. It has also an extraordinary effect of constricting the smaller blood-vessels and capillaries, so that, applied to any part, it quite drives the blood away. This permits of many delicate surgical operations where the effusion of blood would otherwise be a hindrance, if not a bar. This substance is simply a liquid extract from the pair of curious little bulbs, about the size of your thumb, which lie just above the kidneys and receive for that reason the name of the suprarenal capsules.

(4) Mention of these bodies recalls the singular rôle which they have been shown to play in health and disease. The suprarenal capsules belong to the class of so-called ductless glands whose functions in the body were so long a mystery, and of which the spleen, the thyroid, and the thymus are familiar examples. People who are accustomed to keep their eyes open have probably noticed now and then victims of a peculiar malady known as Addison's Disease. The skin of the patient turns a curious pale greenish-bronze color, something in the same way as the victim of jaundice turns yellow. In all

the centuries upon centuries—say for ten or twenty thousand years—in which medicine has been practised, the cause of this malady was an inscrutable mystery. Many facts go to show that it is due to the disease or atrophy or injury of these little suprarenal capsules which lie just over the kidneys. The new medication of the disease naturally bears in the direction of introducing into the body the active principle of these glands.

(5) A very similar discovery, but of far greater importance, is the extraordinary rôle played by the thyroid mentioned just above—the little glands which lie just in front of the windpipe in the throat. It has long been known that their inflammation or enlargement was associated with the familiar disease of goitre. More recently it has been found that the complete excision of this gland practically means idiocy, and that, moreover, many forms of idiocy are simply the result of the malfunctioning or absence of these little glands.

It is so extraordinary as to be almost beyond belief. Nevertheless, the fact is to-day as well established as the circulation of the blood. What is more amazing still, extracts of sheep's thyroid fed to idiotic children very often mean a normal mental development. It is one of the most amazing things in all the range of medicine. It has all come within the past fifteen years—the discovery of some Swiss doctors. The particular form of idiocy known as cretinism is a familiar malady among the mountain populations, and it was the association of this with goitre that led to the discovery of the rôle of the thyroid in intellectual growth.

(6) It has been very recently shown, too, that several other well-known diseases result simply from disorders of some specific glands. So, for example, at least one form of diabetes seems to

be a disease, not of the kidneys as was so long supposed, but of the pancreas. So, again, certain forms of gigantism, or acromegaly, that is to say, the enormous growth of the bones, the development of a huge hump in the spine, and so on, seems to be associated with, and perhaps result from, the disease of a tiny little gland lying in the floor of the brain, known as the hypophysis or pituitary body. This last has not been clearly established as yet, it is true; but what has been established beyond all peradventure is the specific or local character of many familiar diseases whose origin was so long shrouded in obscurity.

(7) It is, of course, a commonplace to remark that our knowledge of the true cause of three-fifths of all disease is hardly forty years old. Practically speaking, before Pasteur, it was not merely that the wisest of physicians did not clearly know—they simply had not the remotest suspicion of the bacterial nature of infections. It is only within the last twenty years, through the labors of Metchnikoff and those who have followed in his footsteps, that the mechanism, the intimate nature of inflammations has been established. The system of therapeutics, based upon this new knowledge, is as yet in its veriest infancy. It has as yet been developed to a point of practical utility in but a few diseases. Yet its brilliant success in the case of diphtheria, hydrophobia, and one or two others leaves little doubt as to what it means for the future. That is eventually the establishment of a sure and certain specific for every infectious disease—its scientific, and in the light of recent developments as to the mode of action of the bacterial poisons, one might say, their mathematical cure.

It would be quite beyond the purpose of the present paper to draw out any extended list of recent achievements. It is twenty-five or thirty years now

since we have known definitely the simple mechanism of animal reproduction, that is to say, that but a single sperm unites with a single ovum in the formation of each new individual. It is only within the last few years that we have come to a working knowledge of the mechanism of muscular contraction. One may search in vain in most text-books of physiology for the true cause of the beat of the heart.

A physiology five years old gives no hint that the intestines secrete a ferment precisely as do the glands of the mouth and the stomach. It is only within this same period that we have come to know the true rôle of the ferments in general, that they are simply activating substances, which quicken the processes of digestion which would otherwise go on normally, but at a rate too slow for the practical uses of life. It is quite within this same period that physiologists have come to recognize the universal rôle of the ferments, that even the process of respiration, that is to say, the taking up of oxygen by the blood, is accomplished through the agency of a ferment. A text-book of physiology or medicine ten years old is out of date.

VI.

The citations of recent progress are not, I hope, irrelevant. The intent was simply to make clear how very, very new is much of our knowledge of some of the most important vital functions, their rôle in health and disease; further, to enforce the obvious conclusion that much which yet remains obscure may sooner or later be cleared up, among other things old age.

It is hard, as yet, to perceive just where the opening lies, yet signs are not wanting to indicate that a sound beginning at least has been made. A great light may come any day.

The first fact to be laid hold of is

that so well insisted upon by Mühlmann—that old age begins with the beginning of individual life. We might almost picture an organism as a sort of clock, wound up to run for a certain period, then stop. In a less fanciful way we may draw out the life energy in a diagram or curve just as they do for a steam-engine or other machine. From its inception the curve falls steadily to the end of life; the only material exception to be noted is the middle interval, where the line runs almost level.

At first the rate of fall is extraordinarily rapid. Within the first three months of its life the human embryo has increased in weight something like four hundred million times that of the primitive germ cell from which it springs. In the succeeding three months this rate of increase has fallen to five thousand times; in the next three to two hundred and fifty times.

After birth the rate of growth, that is to say, the rate of expenditure of life energy, grows slower and slower. A new-born child increases in weight the first month 25 per cent. By the end of the year this has fallen to 2 per cent. After that it is still smaller. The rate of increase for the first year is 200 per cent. By the seventh or eighth year it has fallen to 10 per cent.; at twenty it has dropped to 1 per cent. or 2 per cent.; at thirty it has practically ceased altogether. What is the cause of this rapid decline?

Increasing difficulty of nutrition may be the answer, but it is not a sufficient answer. It does not explain what is nutrition. What is the physical or chemical substance which makes us grow at all? We do not know, and until we do know it is evident that any explanation must be of the most empiric sort.

Just a gleam of light was afforded by the very interesting experiments of a young American zoologist, Calkins, on

some of the simplest forms of life. It is very well known that the single-celled protozoa, microscopic beings of the amoeba class, reproduce their kind simply by dividing themselves in two. It was this fact which led Weismann to advance the notion of the potential immortality of unicellular beings. But this did not seem to hold in the face of the experiments of Maupas and others, who showed that while this process of division went on at a lively rate for a time, with the resulting production of an enormous number of individuals, yet little by little it began to slow down, and finally come to an end, just exactly as happens when the cells remain united in colonies to form multicellular organisms. The two processes seemed to all intents the same. The mere question of free surface of absorbing area, was obviously not the decisive factor. The cause of this decline in energy, of this decreased vitality, must lie in the cells themselves.

It was left for Calkins to show that this inner cause was essentially a chemical one, and that with a simple change of diet the dividing process was resumed with the same energy as before. He followed the divisions of a single species through six hundred and more repartitions or generations, proving that with careful management the process could be kept up for ever. He demonstrated that Weismann's idea of the potential immortality of the protozoa was correct.

It is a very far cry from a single-celled microscopic organism, so minute that a very considerable number would find the area of a pin-head quite sufficient for their field of activity, to the billions-upon-billions of celled metazoa, such as whales and elephants and apes and men—organisms wherein the countless cells are differentiated so far from the primitive protoplasm as to form all the various organs and glands, the bones of the skeleton, the hard coat of

the eye, the solidified glue of the nails, the hairs of the head, the enamel of the teeth, the wondrous substance of the brain, which may throb with beauty in a Keats, with melody in a Beethoven, or plan a battle of Waterloo. Nevertheless one cannot reflect upon the experiments of Calkins without a feeling, a premonition, that here at last is a clue. There are substances which inhibit growth, speed it, stop it. Therefore, the substances which grow must be physical and chemical substances, and particularly and especially the substances which cause growth itself.

If man can find a way to renew the substances of a single cell, so that instead of wearing down little by little, until after fifty or a hundred divisions its growth stops, it will go on dividing for thousands and conceivably for millions of times, it does not seem inconceivable that he should find a way to prevent the wearing down of a cell-colony. If he may not arrest the wear wholly, perhaps he may at least slow it down. If Sir John Lubbock can keep a queen ant alive for two or three times its apparently natural term of existence, it does not seem impossible that we might very considerably prolong the period of human existence. Authentic cases are known of men and women who lived to 150 years and more, and in proportionate possession of their faculties. This is a full twice the traditional three-score-and-ten; and pious folk will hardly fail to recall the tradition of Methusaleh.

The energy of life is the energy of matter. Every day's work is a wearing down and exhaustion of physical substance. Every night's rest is a rebuilding and restoration of a fabric in part destroyed. This is no longer a theory, it is a fact which can now be attested by the microscope. The studies of Hodge and others have shown that with prolonged activity the muscle

cells undergo a distinct and regular change. If, for example, two or three carrier pigeons be chosen from a flock and set in long flight, the cells of their muscles will present a very different appearance afterwards from those which have been at rest. If, moreover, one of the pigeons be allowed to rest after its long flight before being killed and dissected its muscles in turn resemble those of the resting pigeons. The tired-out cells have been restored to their normal condition, the products of fatigue have been removed, the substance destroyed has been replaced.

VII.

Such is the clear evidence of microscopic examination. Life can restore, vital activity is a restoration, a daily and hourly restoration. But can we ever get hold of the process so as to control it artificially? Are there fatigue substances? Is there any way to demonstrate chemically the revelations of the microscope? Curiously enough demonstration has come within the last year.

Dr. Wolfgang Weichardt, a German physician, has recently made a long and arduous series of experiments—800 or more in number—with the most amazing results. He takes test animals, guinea-pigs for example, puts them on a miniature treadmill and runs them until they fall dead from exhaustion. Then he expresses or concocts from the fatigued muscles of these animals a juice or sap. When this sap is injected into the veins of unworked guinea-pigs they show promptly all the outward signs of fatigue—can support no effort, their eyes stick out from their heads; at the end of twenty to forty hours they die. The sap concocted from the fresh, unworked animals shows no such effect.

Prolonged muscular activity, then, produces in the muscles a poison

which, circulating through the body of the animal, causes its death. This poison is a definite substance, which, injected into other animals, produces identically the same effects. It is in its action evidently much the same as the poisons elaborated by bacteria. Following the nomenclature in vogue Dr. Weichardt calls this an *ermüdungstoxin*, that is, a fatigue-toxin or fatigue-poison.

But Dr. Weichardt's fascinating experiments did not stop here. We have learned of late years to fabricate anti-toxins—serums, which, injected into the animal body, protect the animal against the disease. Why should not the fatigue-toxins produce an anti-body, just like the rest? Dr. Weichardt has shown that they do, and moreover he has shown that, just as in the case of the bacterial poisons, a very little fatigue-toxin injected into the veins of an animal produces an excess of anti-poison, so that it is to-day literally possible to inoculate an animal against fatigue. The German experimenter has shown that animals and even human beings thus inoculated are capable of a much more prolonged exertion than without it.

All this is curiously and wonderfully near a pregnant suggestion thrown out by Metchnikoff. Basing his idea upon the established fact that the various toxins which, in sufficient quantity, are so destructive to the cells of the body, stimulate rather than kill the cell when administered in minute doses, Metchnikoff conjectured that some cytotoxins might be found which would reinforce the ageing cells and stimulate them to renewed youth. At least for the temporary wear which results in muscular fatigue, Dr. Weichardt has realized Metchnikoff's idea very closely.

What is the chemical rôle of these fatigue-toxins and anti-toxins? We know that increased muscular activity

requires an increased supply of oxygen. If we run we must breathe deep and hard. In the course of his investigations, Dr. Welchardt found that a much larger quantity of the fatigue-poison could be obtained when the tired-out muscles were treated with reducing substances, that is to say, with substances which rob oxygen from others. The fatigue-poisons disappear spontaneously when the muscles are given time to rest. It is conceivable that they are simply flushed out by the circulation of the blood, but there is much in the recent advance of biochemistry to indicate that they are simply oxidized.

We know that in chemical reactions very often the process is stopped by the accumulation of the products of the reaction. This is exactly what happens in electrolysis, when the products of the reaction accumulate about one of the electrodes. The reaction continues if we have some means of preventing or removing this accumulation—that is, a depolarizer.

The idea is growing up nowadays that the rôle of oxygen in the chemical reactions of the body is essentially that of a depolarizer. This may be the rôle of the anti-fatigue poisons. It may explain the reputed action of formic acid in preventing and relieving fatigue.

All this might seem going a little far afield were it not for two noteworthy facts. The first is that old age is in some sense merely accumulated fatigue; the second is that one very striking condition, if it be not an essential condition, in old age, is lessened oxidation.

Whatever else may be its rôle in the vital chemism, we know well enough nowadays that a great and essential office of oxygen lies in neutralizing, removing, preventing the accumulation of the natural poisons produced by the bodily activities. Conceivably lessened

oxidation means an accumulation of these toxic products, which results in senile decay. If this were true, then if we could get hold of some way of maintaining and stimulating this oxidizing process, we should get a long way in the maintenance of youthful vigor.

Here again we have just a clue. A Russian pathologist, Belonovsky, has recently shown that the hemolysins, the poison serums which in quantity destroy red corpuscles, stimulate the production of the corpuscles when administered in very minute doses. This discovery has already been utilized to good effect in the treatment of the familiar disease of anaemia. Whether it will be of avail in warding off the kindred conditions of old age remains for the future to show.

VIII.

We here reach the borderland of acquired knowledge. What lies beyond we can only conjecture. The enormous body of more or less connected knowledge already built up, regarding the vital chemism, the rôle of the ferments, the serums, the anti-toxins, the body destroyers and the body builders, can hardly fail to prove a powerful engine for further advance. The marvellous progress realized in the past thirty or forty years will not stop short now. It is but a halting imagination which conceived that it will cease before it has reduced all vital phenomena to the action of known chemical and physical forces.

And this complete descriptive knowledge is but the prelude to the higher achievement which is the more or less conscious aim of all rational scientific investigation; this, in the phrase of one of the most distinguished of present-day physiologists, is *the control of phenomena*.

At the present moment the especial

need in the study of old age is concerted investigation. There is need first of all of a complete and accurate knowledge of the changes in which old age consists. As yet the facts are slight. Instead of the finished picture we have but a bald sketch. Investigators can be had in plenty; the need is money, and its intelligent expenditure. Amid all the millions so recklessly thrown about nowadays, the half of it perhaps with little chance for gain or good, surely it seems as if some of it might be diverted for a

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thorough exploration of this little known field.

It is curious to reflect what might already have been achieved if twenty years ago even a slender corps of investigators could have been set at work with adequate funds. Possibly some Mæcenas may yet arise, interested enough, either on his own account or for his kind, to look forward to what might be realized ten or twenty years hence if we begin now—and set the search going.

Dr. Carl Snyder.

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

I cannot write of Carducci as of the great poet of Italy. To me he is not "Enotrio Romano"—not the Tuscan singer whose name, linked with the Tuscan names of Dante and Michelangelo, has crossed the frontiers of his own country and spelt glory wherever poetry is loved and genius honored, he is the beloved friend of my youth, the second father of my orphaned girlhood, whose dear hand lifted and led me in the spring days of my life.

"Carducci"! When I first heard this name I was a tiny child standing by my mother's knee in our house at Milan. My dear German mother was talking to her brother, Rudolf Lindau, then visiting us, about Italian literature. Dante, Petrarca, Leopardi—the names slid past my childish ear in their familiar and unmeaning sound. Then a name that was new to me: "Carducci." My mother quoted in her gentle voice a sonnet:—

*Passa la nave mia sola tra 'l pianto
Degli alcion per l'acqua procellosa. . .*

The closing words struck my childish fancy:

*Voghiam, voghiam, o disperate scorte
Al nubiloso porto de l'oblio
A la scogliera bianca de la morte.*

I remember my mother repeating the two last lines slowly. Alas! only a few months later her ship sailed into the silent waters and passed out to the white Rocks of Death. And I heard Carducci's name no more.

One morning, in 1890, I stood timidly before the formidable desk of Emilio Treves, the Milan publisher. He held between two scornful fingers a slender roll of manuscript that I had just brought him.

"Poetry?" he said. "Poetry! Take it away."

"But you have not read it," I exclaimed.

"Read it?" echoed the Commendatore, with his large laugh. "You think we sit here to read poetry? We sit here to do business. Buon giorno." I suppose I looked a forlorn little figure when I turned away and went to the door, for he called after me: "If you had a preface by Carducci we might consider it."

"Carducci!" I said to myself. "What does he mean?"

Downstairs Miss Gann, my governess, was nervously awaiting my return.

Before I went up she had said: "Insist upon having them bound in light blue and gold!" When I reappeared

she asked: "Well?" "He made fun of me," I said dejectedly. "He told me he would print them with a preface by Carducci." "Who is that?" said Miss Gann. "Oh, some one like Dante; dead 300 years ago." And we walked back silently. At home my favorite brother, Italo, met me, and I told him my tale. "Take the first train to Bologna, and go and get the preface," he said. And so I did.

The next day—a chilly wintry day—I was climbing up the steep and narrow staircase of the house on the Mura di Porta Mazzini, the house which Queen Margherita has recently bought and presented to him, and where the poet even then lived, as to-day, in austere simplicity and seclusion. I was shy and nervous, and felt sorry that I had never read the *Rime Nuove*, nor the *Hymn to Satan*. On the other hand, Miss Gann had retrimmed my hat with blue daisies, which were very becoming; and I had bought the *Odi Barbare* on the way, and had quickly read "All Aurora." So I could quote something at once. To tell the truth, I did not find anything very quotable, and by the time I rang the bell the only words I could remember were "le rosse vacche del cielo,"—"the red cows of the sky." Which seemed inapplicable to general conversation.

A man opened the door. "Is Signor Carducci in?" "Yes."

"Will you tell him," I stammered, "that I have come . . . that I have arrived . . . that I have travelled far to see him?"

"Sì, signora," said the man, and vanished. He reappeared. "Il Signor Carducci says that he is not King Solomon. Please walk in."

I walked in. I was kept waiting a few moments, then the door opened and Carducci entered. I saw he had a head like a Roman Emperor, covered with curly gray hair, dark deep-set eyes, and a stern mouth. "What do

you want?" he said. "Good morning," I answered weakly. "I should like a preface to my poems." The silence that followed was awful. "Oh," he said after a while. "You are a poet. I thought you were the Queen of Sheba." Nothing appropriate suggested itself to me, so I was silent. "You are a poet," he said again. "What have you read?"

I had expected him to say, "What have you written?" So again I was startled and dumb.

"What have you read of our great classics?" This was my time to place the red cows, but they had galloped off—I thought I felt their hoofs hammering at my heart—and with them every connected idea that I had ever possessed. I was speechless.

But Carducci, the Professor, was questioning me still. "What do you know of Dante?" he inquired severely.

I was inspired to tell the truth. "Doré's illustrations," I said.

He laughed, a kind, sudden laugh. He looked at me and laughed again. "Sit down," he said. So I sat down and told him about Treves, and Miss Gann, and my brother, and I took my manuscript and *Odi Barbare* out of my pocket, and told him that I had thought him dead 300 years ago.

He seemed pleased; but when I handed him the little roll of poems his face darkened again. "H'm, a nice hand-writing," he said in a gruff voice. "I also," he added still more gruffly, "have a very nice hand-writing." He spread the sheets on the table and began to read.

"Vieni, amor mio . . ." he mumbled crossly in his beard. The second verse he read louder. The third verse he recited, almost singing the words, waving his right hand as if he were beating time to music.

A sfondare le porte al paradiso,
E riportarne l'estasi quaggiù!

There was a moment's silence. Then he brought his fist down on the paper.

"Per dio .Bacco, questa donna ha ingegno," he said, and remained staring at me a long time. I wondered whether I ought to say "Thank you," or "Prego," or something of the kind, when suddenly he got up, and fumbling at his beard, as I have since so often seen him do, he said abruptly, Good-bye."

I was disconcerted. "Good-bye," I answered vaguely, and he opened the door. Then he said: "Where is your muff?"

"I do not know," I replied; and Carducci absentmindedly went looking about the room. I explained, with a foolish giggle, that I had no muff with me, and he frowned and plucked at his beard and stared at me. I thought of the lion: "You could see by those eyes wide and steady He was leagues in the desert already."

Browning's lines sprang into my mind. With a little throb of joy, I knew that Carducci had forgotten me. He was thinking of my poems.

Afterwards, when I came to know him better, I learned that he was incapable of thinking of more than one thing at a time. As soon as his thoughts were turned away from what surrounded him, he was as one in a dream. Months later, when Treves had published the poems—with the preface—I said to Carducci: "What made you ask me about my muff that day?"

"What day? what muff?" he said. I explained and reminded him that he had looked for it all over his drawing-room. "You dream," he said impatiently, "and you dream foolish things. Never have I looked for a muff. I know nothing of muffs."

Since that day of our first meeting he has been a friend to me and mine, Carducci's friendship! No one who does not know him well can under-

stand the full meaning of these words. Those who revere him as the sovereign intellect of Italy, as the burning singer of the Risorgimento Italiano, as the combative defender of his faith in Italy's destinies and the scourger of all cowardice and baseness, those who can quote his Odes and who carry the noble teachings of his prose in their hearts, still do not know him.

To all the world he is a great poet, historian, scholar; and a noble man, stern, rugged, severe, uncompromising, splendid in his austere serenity. But to those whose hand he has held in friendship, to those who have seen him day by day in his simplicity and his goodness, in his kindliness and strength, he is something more. And these fortunate ones to whom the full purity and humility of his great soul has been revealed speak his name with tender breath, and write of him with halting hand, as I do; with eyes perhaps, as mine, brimming over with tears.

Will Carducci read these words, I wonder? I have not seen him for some years. Perhaps his young grandson will bring this volume to him and lay it on his knee. And these pages will repeat the message brought to him sixteen years ago, when—a trembling girl—I stood at his door. "I have come from very far" . . . farther, O Giosuè Carducci, than from Germany, whence this book is sent to your hands, farther than from nebulous England, where these lines are penned. I come from the Past, with its hopes and its glories, its storms and its light. I bring to you, beloved Poet, the memory of your own greatness and goodness, in little deeds forgotten, in words dispersed; the light of the days when your hand was strong to strike and to uplift, when your foot was sturdy on the mountains of Italy, and your heart buoyant with vast loves and noble angers.

The first poem of Carducci's that I

knew (after the red cows) was one that he wrote for me one morning in Spezia. An old man in the street had given him a bloom of blue hyacinth, and with it he came up to my study and knocked at the door. When I opened, he was waving the fresh blue spray up and down, murmuring some vague words in an unintelligible voice. Then he took a scrap of paper and a pen, and sat down at the closed piano.

Batto a la chiusa imposta con un ramicello di fiori,
Tinti di mare come i tuoi occhi, o
Annie.

He composed the four short verses, waving the azure flower up and down in his left hand, vaguely beating time and humming rhythmically to himself. He wrote slowly and deliberately, without stopping, in the clear, fine handwriting of which he is so proud. Then he handed the sheet to me. "Ecco!" he said, and, smiling, added in German: "'Und ihr könnt sagen ihr seid dabei gewesen.'" The tidy lines appear in facsimile in the latest edition of his works. When I open the volume at that page I see, clearly as through a window cut into the past, the sun-flooded room in Spezia, the open balcony overlooking the turquoise gulf, and Carducci seated in front of the closed piano waving a spray of hyacinth rhythmically up and down, while the sea-wind blows and lifts the gray curls on his bended head.

Stringing together these recollections as they come, the memory of that day brings with it another picture. We had gone down to the shore, where Carducci, seeing a boat named "Garibaldi," beckoned to the drowsy boatman and bade him row us out into the bay. We slid along on the silky waters; and as I saw Carducci was thoughtful I did not speak.

Suddenly he took a small book out of his pocket. "This is Horace, thou

Ignorant One," he said; "and here, in this Gulf, reading these lines, Shelley—the young and beloved—died."

*Shelley, spirito di titano,
Entro virginee forme. . .*

The boatman, stolidly bending to his oars, looked up quickly and said: "Illustrissimo, my grandfather was the boatman of the Signor Shelley, drowned in this bay." Saying Shelley's name he lifted his hat as if he had mentioned one of the Saints.

The quick mist of emotion that later I learned to know so well, rose to Carducci's eyes at the boatman's simple gesture of reverence. "I salute thee, my friend," he said, stretching out his hand. The rower drew in his oars and, bending forward, shook hands with Carducci; then rowed quietly on, driving out into the blue waters.

I have since been told—but I refuse to believe it—that every boatman in Spezia tells the same grandfather-story when Shelley's name is mentioned by visitors to the Bay. "It is our little story for the English," they say, with a gleaming irresponsible smile. "They like it much. It is worth a lira, or two lire. Sometimes five." (In our case, I remember, it was worth five—and a clasp of Carducci's hand.) But let no one believe a word of this perfidious calumny.

With all his quick sensitive sympathy for anything that appeals to his heart, Carducci has neither comprehension nor tolerance for the petty conventionalities of ordinary life. In the days of his solitary boyhood in the Maremma, where he wandered wild and lonely, thinking his thoughts, with no other companion but a young wolf that he had tamed, Carducci learned to love freedom and silence.

e i rotti venti
E il lampo de le selci percosse, e de i
torrenti
L'urlo solingo e fier.

Perhaps he had in his soul something of the same fierce reluctance and disdain of life that drove his young brother, Dante Carducci, in the bloom of his adolescence and before his parents' horror-stricken eyes, to plunge a knife into his own heart.

Come, ah! come a te il cor bastò, l'aspetto

Come ti resse, che non tinto e bianco
Del futuro destino e non in-tristi
Sembianti ma venisti
Nel cospetto de' tuoi sicuro e franco?
Certo, fero garzon, certo evitasti
Il riso ne' materni occhi tremante. . . .

Thus wrote Giosuè, the stronger brother, in passionate grief.

Salve, o fratello, e mira
I tristi giorni miei come van soli.
Ben lo vivrò; che a me l'anima avvinta
Di più tenace creta ha la natura,
E officio forse e carità il suade.

"Officio e carità"—duty and pity. Like two sisters they held his hand and kept him from following in the fraternal footsteps. Duty and pity. In the seventy years of his noble life never has the stern voice of the one, the tender voice of the other, appealed to Giosuè Carducci in vain.

But all meanness, all vanity, all untruth have found in Carducci a relentless foe. His execration of everything false and small is violent as it is intense. All useless words, in art as in everyday life, offend him. At one of his first lectures in the Bologna University, he said: "The man who, being able to say a thing in ten words, says it in twenty, is capable of evil actions." In society, notwithstanding his sudden and ineffectual efforts at being polite, he is utterly uncivilized. If people speak to him whom he does not like, or say things that do not interest him, he does not answer. He looks straight before him, plucking at his beard and thinking of other things.

His hatred of all forms of adulation is profound, his temper irascible.

"Buon giorno, Poeta!" exclaimed a beautiful young man at Madesimo one day, saluting him with a wide sweep of his hat. Carducci stopped and stared at the stranger. "Poet!" he said, "Why Poet? I am not Poet to you. I am Signor Carducci." And he marched angrily on. At such moments, if I were with him, I used to keep perfectly silent for a time. Then when he turned to me I affected abject terror of him, chattering my teeth and pretending to quake. This small display of foolishness usually sufficed to restore him to good humor. I used to call him the "Ogre," a name that did not displease him.

Years afterwards, when my little girl first saw him, she said, turning to me with her head on one side: "Is this the Ogre?" I nodded. So she said, running up to him: "Buon giorno, Orco!" which pleased him very much.

For he hates to inspire fear. He is impatient of the atmosphere of reverent awe that constantly surrounds him. People are always laboring to be clever with him, quoting his poems, or in hushed reverence waiting on his word. At such moments he makes little noises in his throat, something between a cough and a growl. To flattery and to futile questions he makes no reply, and the result is disconcerting. I have seen him pass an entire evening, a guest of honor in a circle invited to meet him, where he has not said a word. It is not, as so many people interpret it, pride or vainglory; it is a form of *sauvagerie*. He does not speak when he has nothing to say. On an occasion of this kind in Milan where he was invited to dinner, he sat dumb and terrible, devouring, and looking into his plate. The conversation aimed at him gradually dropped into silence. The hostess, whose mellow compliments he had ignored, sat sour and

pale at the head of the table. Suddenly Carducci looked up, feeling that he was expected to speak. He turned to his neighbor, a large literary lady, and gazed at her thoughtfully for a long time. All held their breath to listen. In loud tones he said: "How many children have you?" She blushed, and replied: "I am not married." The table relapsed into silence. I laughed. I laughed suddenly and loud, in the awful hush. Carducci looked up and said: "Silence, foolish one!" At which everybody, much relieved, laughed too. Carducci was left in peace for the rest of the evening. Nobody spoke to him and we pretended he was not there. As he accompanied me home he said: "That was a very nice dinner party." I ventured a remark regarding his question to the spinster authoress. He shook his head and looked worried. "I never know what to say to a woman," he said. "I can never think of anything but that one question. If you know anything better you may tell me." But I knew nothing better. "Then, silence, foolish one," he said again. After a pause he added: "I am of an ursine nature."

On the steps of Montecitorio one day, a shabby man approached us. "Senator," he said, in a low voice, "I am a poor journalist. My wife is ill and our little children are hungry." Carducci's brow clouded with the peculiar expression of pain that all tales of sadness call forth. He put his hand to his pocket. Unfortunately the man added with an ingratiating smile: "Eccellenza, my name is —. It is I who wrote that article in praise of you that appeared last week in the *Italia*."

Carducci stood still. The sudden ungovernable anger that he has inherited from his father swept in a wave of pallor over his face. "What!—what!" he stammered, "and it is because you have praised me that you ask for payment?" He raised his stick and struck

the man. "Thus," he cried, "thus does Carducci pay for his eulogy." And he strode angrily away.

But the sad tale remained in his memory and that evening he sent the man's wife a hundred francs.

Notwithstanding his own past hardships, the poverty and hunger he experienced in his youth, Carducci has no definite conception of the value of money. He is in all practical matters as a child, having no idea of what things cost and depending altogether on the honesty of those around him. He walks really with his head "knocking against the stars," his one passionate desire to raise the character and art of Italy to the highest, noblest plane, to stir and awaken in the hearts of young Italians a sense of the great national traditions of their country. The modern decadent tendencies in literature, the affected ostentation of immortality proclaimed by the younger school of self-glorifying degenerates, is a constant thorn in his heart; while lack of restraint and self-respect in people whom he would have heroes, embitters and saddens his happiest moments. Even the beggars in the street, if Carducci had his way, should bear their poverty with dignity.

This fervid and sensitive love for his native land was illustrated one radiant summer morning as we were crossing the Alps from Switzerland into Italy. Two German tourists whom we had met on our way had asked permission to join us. When they first spoke to us at Splügen the elder one told us he was a professor; the other, a large young man with long hair and a round happy face, announced himself a poet. "I am a great poet," he added, smiling with brilliant teeth at "the Ogre." "Sel mir gegrüsst, Carducci."

Carducci lifted his wide gray felt hat. "Ein deutscher Dichter?" he asked in German.

"Yes," nodded the fair-haired one.

"In Germany we are all poets, and I am a large German . . . Therefore . . . Not that I ever write any poems," he added. "But my *life* is a poem, and its latest most beautiful verse is—to see Italy for the first time with my hand in the hand of Giosuè Carducci! We have followed you from Chur, over to Thusis and through the Via Mala."

The Ogre nodded. Our carriage drove up and he motioned our two new acquaintances to get in. The "grosser deutscher Dichter" recited Dr. Muehling's translation of "Ca ira" all the way up the mountain, and Carducci beat time lightly with his hand as he always did when he heard anything that pleased him.

As the last Refuge on the prosperous tidy Swiss side was passed the youth quoted in Italian the last lines of Carducci's "Saluto Italico":

In faccia allo stranier
Cantate: Italia, Italia, Italia!

The defiant words rang out in their pride and beauty. Then there was silence.

When the Pass was reached he put out his hand and Carducci grasped it, the quick mist of emotion gathering in his eyes as he did so. Italy lay like a garden in dreamland before us.

Alas, the German poem was fated to end in sorry fashion. We had hardly crossed the frontier when, starting up from the roadside where they had been lying, half-a-dozen ragged children came running to our carriage, crying: "Un soldo, signori! Un soldo, per la Madonna!" Two bigger boys and a man joined them and ran alongside, all with hand extended and eyes turned heavenwards. The boys threw bunches of *arnica montana* into the carriage. Our German friends laughed and tossed a handful of pennies into the road. Then there was stumbling and scrambling in the dust after the coins, the boys fighting, the man striking at them

with his fists and the little ones tumbling over each other with shrill cries.

"Allerliebst!" laughed the young German. "How primitive and picturesque!"

But Carducci had flushed to the roots of his hair. He stood up in the carriage. "Stop!" he said to the driver. "Stop!" He turned to the astonished strangers with trembling hand extended. "Go out! Out!" he said with quivering lips. "Go at once."

The professor, after a moment's bewildered silence, rose, saluted and alighted. But the youth, his light eyes suffused with sudden tears, grasped Carducci's hand and carried it impetuously to his lips. Then he sprang from the carriage, and called to the driver: "Avanti!" The horses trotted on down the hill.

"And you," said Carducci, turning fiercely to me, "not one word!"

So we drove into Italy. And my heart was sore for the humiliation of his great and troubled soul.

This small impersonal incident wounded him far more than any personal slight ever could. When in 1895, after he had renounced Republicanism, his students in Bologna turned against him with insults and violence, hissing him, and even in one instance striking him, he was unmoved and calm. When they cried: "Abbasso Carducci!" he shook his leonine head gravely and said: "No—never *abbasso!* *Iddio mi ha posto in alto.*"

And as the shouts and hissing heightened he lit a cigar, and leaning back in his chair, said quietly: "Fumo!"

On the day after these events he came to see us in Genoa. We were horrified to see his hand, the strong small hand that has penned the most beautiful poems Italy can boast of since Dante, wounded and bruised. One of his students had struck him with a large key.

Carducci smiled indulgently, almost

tenderly. "They are good boys, they are noble boys; I love them," he said. "They think they are in the right, so they are right."

"Why did you leave them?" I asked. "Why write that poem for Crispi's daughter? Why turn back?"

"My child," he answered, "easy enough and a joy it was to lead a band of eager youths to the ringing words Republic and Freedom. All young Italy followed with shouts and cheers. But should I have been worthy of their faith if, when I saw that we had struck the wrong path, I had not turned round and told them so? Indeed, it takes courage to face the sorrow and mistrust of all those young hearts. I am grieved for their grief. But they will understand one day that Italy is not yet ready for a Republic."

"Come, I will take you to see Giuseppe Verdi," he added suddenly. "See that you are becomingly attired to honor him. I will put on yellow kid gloves." And so he did, but whether to honor Verdi or to hide the maltreated hand I do not know.

We started out to see the famous composer, then finishing his *Falstaff* in the Palazzo Braschi. Not that Carducci particularly likes music or understands it in the usual sense. Like Victor Hugo he has more ear for measure than for melody. I believe his favorite "piece" is "*Die Lorelei*" in its simple popular lilt. "Sing '*Die Lorelei gethan*,'" he used to say to me when I was a very young girl.

"Play '*Die Lorelei gethan*,'" he said, years afterwards, to my little daughter when she first stood before him eight years old, with her violin in her

hand. But

Quando Wagner possente mille anime
intona

A i cantanti metalli; trema gli umani
il core,

he wrote. And once he said to me:

"Had I not been the singer of barbarous odes I should have composed music like Wagner—gigantic music to gigantic thoughts." Indeed the vastness of Wagner's conceptions appeals to the poet, who has so often felt that words, mere words, are inadequate to express his tumultuous feelings, his stupendous ideals, his limitless dreams.

Our visit to Verdi was unconventional. The tall, white-haired musician, his bright blue eyes alight with pleasure, came to meet us. He embraced his poet-friend with great affection. Carducci then went out on to the marble terrace overlooking the shimmering Mediterranean and sat there without speaking a word. Verdi, calling to me, sat down at his piano and, easily as the wind blows, played rambling and beautiful music, as if he were talking to me. Then he rose and we stepped out through the open windows to the terrace, where Carducci still sat motionless staring at the sea.

We sat down beside him and nobody spoke for a long time. On the dancing blue of the waters sunlit sails bowed and curtsied away into the distance. Carducci said suddenly: "I believe in God"; and Verdi nodded his white head.

Then Carducci rose, abruptly as he always does, to take his leave. I remember Verdi, who, like so many men of genius, had about him a touch of childish simplicity, detaining us to show us his flowers. "These," he said proudly, pointing to a row of flower-pots on the ledge of the terrace, containing some nondescript plants of meagre and straggly appearance, "I have myself planted and tended. They take up a good deal of time."

I looked with becoming reverence at the thin vegetables, and asked what they were.

"Camellias, of course," said Verdi.

"Camellias, of course," echoed Car-

ducci angrily. Verdi hurried away, returning with a large can of water with which he doused and drenched the miserable verdure. Carducci was much impressed when Verdi, who had bent his snow-white head over one of the dripping pots, slowly plucked off the only bud that showed any indications of ever intending to bloom, and presented it to him.

I do not think the two friends ever met again.

On our way back, Carducci was silent and cross. Many people pointed at him in the street, and turned round to stare at him or walked back and round him in order to see him well.

He growled ominously in his beard.

"What do you stare at?" he said, with vivid eyes flashing on the dozen people who had collected near him. "I am not a prima-donna or a tenor; nor am I here to provide entertainment for the curious."

The people scattered rapidly, and I distracted his thoughts by giving my unenlightened views on literature, by quoting his verses wrong, and mixing them up with lines from Metastasio and Manzoni.

Soon after that my life turned into distant paths.

When I next came from England to see him he was gruff and impatient. "Go, Insensate One, and mind thy baby," he said with a scowl that I knew was all tenderness. "I wish to talk of Browning in Latin with thy husband." And so they did by the hour, pacing the garden of Villa Adele, while my baby looked at the sky and I at the baby.

But our wanderings were to take me farther and farther from the land of my youth.

Seven years afterwards I saw Carducci once more. It was a limpid summer day in the little Alpine village of Madesimo. There, where years before—then scarcely more than a child

—I had learned fearlessly to love and understand him, I now returned with my little daughter to bid him farewell before leaving for our new home in the far West of America.

When Carducci saw us arrive he moved to meet us, leaning on a stick and on his grandson's arm; his eyes luminous, deep, unaltered, went from me to my little child with quick, intense emotion.

He spoke with difficulty at first. Then we sat down in the garden, while Vivien romped with a young St. Bernard dog in the crisp Alpine sunshine. Presently, as a boy passed driving some cattle home, the child came, dragging the dog by his collar, to sit near Carducci, and quoted to him "the red cows of the sky," which, even as once with me, was all that she knew of his works. The bright, well-remembered smile lit up his face, and he laid his hand lovingly on her blond head. It was then that he asked her to fetch her violin and play "*Die Lorelei gethan*." She did so, standing tiny and fair in the sunshine, while Carducci beat time lightly with his hand—the noble hand which now cannot write without pain—as he used to do in years past when listening to anything that pleased him.

The day was swinging to its close when we took our leave that we might reach Chiavenna in the valley before nightfall. But Vivien would not say good-bye. "Non addio, non addio!" she cried, clinging to his hand. So Carducci rose and said: "I will come with you as far as the bridge."

Slowly, leaning on his stick, he walked down the silent mountain road between us, the child still holding his hand, and seeking to help him with great care along the stony way. Carducci spoke not a word.

When we reached the little wooden bridge on the outskirts of the village we stopped. Beyond, the path dipped

into the valley where Vivien and I had to go.

"Addio," said Carducci, taking off his wide gray felt hat. Then he kissed us both solemnly.

We crossed the bridge alone. He remained standing in the clear evening light, his head uncovered, his face stern and set, watching us as we went. We turned twice to look at him and wave our hands, but he never moved.

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Thus I see him ever in my thoughts, standing still and alone against the evening sky.

Stern, lovable, simple heart! On this his seventieth birthday England and Germany, through these pages, greet him, and Italy, in the hesitant words of one of her daughters, speaks homage, gratitude, and love.

Annie Vivanti (Mrs. Chartres).

BEAUJEU.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

M. DE BEAUJEU RETURNS IN TRIUMPH.

So M. de Beaujeu went home rejoicing. He had paid all debts. He had kept his word. He had cast out one King and made another. The throne (by the grace of M. de Beaujeu) awaited the ascent of his Highness of Orange. By the grace of M. de Beaujeu—his Asthmatic Highness should not forget that.

On that chill winter's night M. de Beaujeu had his hour of triumph. Shouldering slowly through the crowd down Charing Cross and the Strand he smiled amiably on sleek citizens and greasy bullies when they howled in his ear. They had done his work very well. It would have been churlish to complain.

In this genial temper he came out of the crowd to the silence and emptiness of Essex Street and swung on down the hill with a freer step. Sudden a file of men leapt out of the wall. There was never a challenge, never a word, but rapiers shot at him gleaming through the gloom. Aside and back Beaujeu sprang and cast off his cloak and whirled it whizzing round in the air and flicked out his sword. They pressed on, still without a cry or an oath. They tried to lunge through the

swing of the cloak, and Beaujeu's darting flickering point and his long arm sent one to fall vomiting blood across the swords of his friends.

Then as they started back, "Points, boys, points," muttered Captain Hagan hoarsely. It was the first word spoken. The four that were left rushed upon him with oaths.

Beaujeu sprang back up the hill shouting lustily, "Dubois! Dubois!" and shaking his cloak he caught in it two lunging swords and tangled them, and, snatching, held the pair. His own blade clashed and scraped with Mr. O'Gorman's, and Captain Hagan ran at him, shortening his sword to stab. But Beaujeu sprang aside, holding still to the captive blades, and Captain Hagan's hard-driven thrust went home upon the wall and his rapier snapped short at the sword hilt. "'Od rot ye!" cried Captain Hagan. "'Od burn ye!"

And Beaujeu lurched on the greasy hill feinting with Mr. O'Gorman and wrenching at the two swords that he held in his cloak, and muttered oaths and hard breathing sounded with the scrape of stone and heel. A long lunge sent Mr. O'Gorman cursing back upon Captain Hagan, and in that instant of respite Beaujeu dropped his elbow and in the dark stabbed upward as a man stabs with a dagger—twice.

And the two men whose blades he held shrieked shrill like woman and reeled away and fell.

Flinging their swords and his cloak away Beaujeu sprang in upon Mr. O'Gorman and engaged. Dubois came running, yelling "Rascal! Assassin! *Coquin!* Rascal!" and flourishing Beaujeu's whip aloft. He flung himself on Captain Hagan, who caught his whip hand and closed.

From the open doorway Mistress Nancy Leigh cried shrill, "A Papist! A Papist! 'Prentices!"

A minute Beaujeu and O'Gorman fenced, and O'Gorman steadily blasphemed, and Dubois and Hagan swung wrestling hither and thither and Nancy ran out in the street and cried "'Prentices, 'prentices, a Papist!" Then Beaujeu's wet sword shot through O'Gorman's arm and Mr. O'Gorman dropped his sword with a yell. Beaujeu glanced round. Captain Hagan had wrenched the whip from Dubois and his arm was aloft to strike. Beaujeu sprang at him, but Hagan slashed at his eyes, and Beaujeu, thrusting blindly, missed him and stumbled forward and fell and lost his sword; then, wild with pain and unseeing, flung himself on Hagan and clipped the man in his arms and wrenched him from Dubois, who was cast away staggering and fell. Beaujeu swung Captain Hagan off his feet, and while he kicked and struck frenzied dashed him against the wall. Again and again the lean head was crashed upon the stones, but Captain Hagan had ceased to strive, and after one groan he made no sound more, and Beaujeu's blind face was spattered with his blood. Still in the madness of pain and fight Beaujeu swung the limp body hither and thither, and Mr. O'Gorman stole up behind swinging a broken rapier in his hand.

But again Nancy had cried to the 'prentices, and a score brisk boys of the Strand came pelting down the

street twirling their staves by the middle. "There! there!" cried Nancy wildly. "'Tis a Huguenot butchered by Irish Papists." And as Mr. O'Gorman swung up his broken sword to dash the hilt down on Beaujeu's head, a triplet of cudgels crashed upon his own. But Mr. O'Gorman had smitten, and Beaujeu fell down upon Captain Hagan thudding.

Nancy ran to him and fell on her knees in the blood by his side and tried to loose him from Captain Hagan, and the 'prentices panting leant on each other and peered round at the dead. "By the Bar, boys!" says one, "'tis a graveyard, no less."

Nancy strove in vain with those bloody linked fingers, and she turned white in the gloom and "Oh, will you not help me?" she cried. "'Tis a Huguenot gentleman, a friend to the Prince, and these bloody Irish—"

"'Od rot all Irish," cried the lads, crowding round her. "Let be, mistress; which be the Oranger?" She showed them, and two sturdy lads wrenched Beaujeu's writen grip apart and drew him from his foe and lifted him. "One to five! Burn me!" says one as they moved off with their burden. "One to five! Now, rot me! Sure, he fought a good fight and he died a good death."

Dubois was sitting up on the stones and staring wildly round. He rose tottering and reeled to his master's dripping sword and took it and followed.

So M. de Beaujeu was borne in triumph home.

CHAPTER XL.

M. DE BEAUJEU RECEIVES HIS REWARD.

For a night and a day and a night M. de Beaujeu lay on his bed dumb and very still. Dr. Garth came to him and bound his head and his torn left hand, but the wounds were slight

enough. Dr. Garth lifted the lids from his bloodshot eyes, and brought a candle near and gazed into them. The pupils were very large and dull and covered deep with tears. Dr. Garth put back the eyelids, and turned away frowning. Beaujeu was breathing slowly, heavily, and the doctor commanded leeches. When they had fed full the head was bound again, and the bandage was drawn across the eyes.

The sun had gone round to the south on the second day when M. de Beaujeu stirred on his pillows and put up a trembling hand and felt the wet linen about his head. "Is—is any one here?" he said feebly, turning his white drawn face this way and that. Rose's maid, who was watching him, started up and ran away. "Who are you? Why do you run?" said Beaujeu to the empty room, and began to pluck at the bandage with weak fingers.

In a moment came quick light footsteps, and Nancy's hand fell on his. "Please, monsieur, do not touch it," says Nancy. "Dr. Garth will come soon."

Beaujeu's long fingers closed on her hand. "This is Mistress Leigh?" he asked.

She nodded, forgetting for a moment that he could not see, then bit her lip, and "Yes, monsieur," she said in a low voice.

"Ah!" He appeared to try to think. "Was Dubois hurt?"

"No, no indeed," said Nancy quickly. "You saved him, monsieur."

And again Beaujeu was silent, thinking. "You saved me," he said half to himself. "You saved me. Eh, that is coals of fire on my head, Mistress Leigh."

"Don't—don't—" said Nancy tremulously. "You have always been very kind—and I have been a shrew."

"No," said Beaujeu simply, and lay with her hand in his for awhile silent.

Then Dr. Garth, red and jovial, came

bustling in. "Well, monsieur, well, you have mighty little right to be alive," he cried. "Is it your own soul come back to you or another?"

"*Pardieu*, I can scarce tell yet, my head buzzes vastly."

"Thank God you have a head to buzz," said Dr. Garth, and began to shift the bandages. "And how is the head now?" he asked at last.

"Why, noisy still—but well enough. I suppose you have the bandages over my eyes?"

Dr. Garth straightened himself and looked down at the white face. Nancy was biting her lip, and her eyes were shimmering in tears. "Yes, the bandages are over your eyes," said Dr. Garth in a moment.

"How soon may I be quit of them?"

"Not yet. Best not yet," said the doctor slowly.

"Eh, but you see I want to write," says Beaujeu, shifting impatiently in the bed. Nancy, who had tears glistening on her cheeks, laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"To write?" Dr. Garth repeated and coughed. "To write? Humph. To the Prince of Orange, I take it? Well, he is come to Windsor, he'll be in town anon. Doubtless you'll hear from him, monsieur."

"Is he so near?" cried Beaujeu smiling. "*Bien*, then I can wait. Yes, doctor, I think I shall hear from him," and he lay and chuckled.

But Dr. Garth looked at him gravely, and Nancy turned away shivering and hid her face.

So M. de Beaujeu, bindfolded, passed a happy day, and ate marvellously.

On the morning of the morrow Dr. Garth came to him again, and "Well, monsieur, well, how goes it now?" says he, bending over the bandages.

"Why, vastly well. But 'tis irksome to be blindfold."

"Irksome, eh?" says the doctor, stopping a moment to look at him.

"Egad, monsieur, if I was you I should thank God I could still breathe."

"I will when I can see," says Beaujeu smiling; and Dr. Garth opened his mouth to speak—then shut it and went on with his work. "Well, doctor, am I to see to-day?" says Beaujeu lightly. "May I slough my bandages?"

"Monsieur," said the doctor, "the bandages are off."

"What?" cried Beaujeu, and started up in the bed and swept his hand across his brow, and turned wide eyes to the doctor. "What? . . . Oh, I see—I see. I am blind"; and his fists were clenched, and he sat leaning a little forward, breathing hard, and waves of blood swept across his thin face.

Then Dr. Garth said gravely: "Monsieur, if you are alive now, it is by the marvellous kindness of God."

At that Beaujeu laughed long and loud—then was silent awhile—then laughed again—and then: "I hope that I thank Him duly," he said.

"You will perhaps yet," said Dr. Garth. "I will wait on you again to-night."

Beaujeu watched him go with sightless eyes. "If I need you," he muttered to himself, then rose, and slowly feeling before him moved to the bell.

In a moment Dubois came running in and fell on his knees and caught Beaujeu's hand and kissed it. "Ah, monsieur, monsieur," he muttered. "Hélas, and it was for me. Ah, monsieur—"

"My dear Dubois," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice, "I do not feel pathetic. Shave me."

So M. de Beaujeu, mighty fine in his black periwig and his blue velvet, came slowly downstairs. His left hand was still swathed in linen, and his steps faltered a little, and the tall figure was bent. He came into his room above the river and stood by the window in the sunlight. The wash of the tide, the

watermen's cries came to him, and he tried to think of the darting wherries, the changing golden gleam of the waves. The sun was warm on his cheeks. It must be bright, very bright, he told himself, and the sky would be clear and blue. Not dark blue—not in December—no, it would be pale blue, like the coats of his own old regiment. The regiment! Ay, he could see that still—long ranks on black horses and pale blue above, broken with the gray gleam of steel. *Pardieu*, how they wheeled into line and rushed down the hill when they brought off Ginkel's musketeers! Black horses, and pale blue coats all level, and the swords agleam, they hurled the French cuirassiers, one tangled mass of steel, into the river, and the brown Rhine foamed and was white with the Frenchmen's plumes.

Well! That was long and long ago. He would never see the regiment again. He laughed. Faith, if he was to count the things which he would never see again he would need live some time. And that (he was smiling at the sunshine), why, that was scarce worth while. No, scarce worth while. He felt for a chair and sat down by his desk and rested his head on his hand. No. He could be no use in the world more. Faith, 'twas a little hard, for he owed some debts. Healy—he could have desired to serve Healy a little—a little in requital of much. And Rose—Rose—sure, he could never have given her enough, but at least he might have served her all his life. And now, bah! he was not as useful as a footman, he was a burden, a curse—he groaned and hid his face. Captain Hagan had well chosen his blow.

The door opened gently and Mr. Healy, his bright eyes dimmed, his face very sorrowful, came to Beaujeu and put his hand on one broad, quivering shoulder. "Beaujeu, my dear," says he softly. Beaujeu started up

and stared at him, and there were tears in the blind eyes.

"Healy?" he asked hoarsely.

Mr. Healy put an arm about him and held him hard. "My dear," he muttered, "my dear," and so the two stood awhile together. "She is safe and very well," said Healy at last.

Beaujeu started away from him. "For God's own sake, keep me alone!" he cried.

Healy looked at him sadly and then began to smile. "You'll trust me," says he. "I'll have to leave you a little while." He caught Beaujeu's hands. "Man, promise me you'll be here when I come back," he whispered.

Beaujeu laughed. "*Bien*. Do not be long," he said, and Mr. Healy went out in a hurry.

But Mr. Healy had been gone but a moment when Dubois came to ask if monsieur would receive M. de Bentinck. Beaujeu waved his hand, and muttering to himself, "Best end it," stood with his back to the window waiting.

M. de Bentinck came in with a smile of satisfaction on his sallow, bony face. "M. de Beaujeu—I am here to inform you," says he pompously, mouthing the words, "that you are deep in his Highness's displeasure." Beaujeu started and stood stiffer, but the white hawk-face was in shadow and M. de Bentinck, peering, could see no sign of feeling. M. de Bentinck continued his oration. "I recall to you, monsieur, that his Highness censured you for a gross neglect last week. You carried it off boasting and blustering. You professed, monsieur, that you would return to your duty in London. You returned to London. At once the town broke out in riot. There has been plentiful disorder and pillage. I do not know what you have gained in

it, monsieur, but the good name of his Highness's cause has been shamed. Finally, monsieur, finally," says the orator, licking his lips, "when King James fled you were so besotted that you sent us no word, and his Highness was left to hear of it by rumor. The safety of his enterprise was put to hazard. I tell you, monsieur, that his Highness had been better served by a footboy." M. de Bentinck paused for a reply. But Beaujeu stared down at him and seemed to see the sneer on his thin pale lips and said no word. "Do you answer me?" cried Bentinck sharply.

"Nor you—nor your master," said Beaujeu.

"Then, monsieur, I inform you that his Highness dispenses with your services. I demand your commission."

"It shall be sent," said Beaujeu.

"I require it now!" said Bentinck.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "You may continue to require."

"Do you defy me, sir?" cried Bentinck. "Here is the order," and he held out a paper under Beaujeu's eyes.

Beaujeu flushed. "I have, monsieur," he said slowly, difficultly, "the fortune to be blind."

"Blind?" cried Bentinck starting back and staring at him. Then in a formal tone: "M. de Beaujeu, do you inform me that you suffered in the service of his Highness?"

"No, monsieur, in a private quarrel."

"Ah, your wench, I take it," said Bentinck in a moment. "Well, I await your commission at Whitehall. Permit me to observe, monsieur, that if you had cared for your duty you might have escaped these disasters."

Still pleased with himself, M. de Bentinck departed. He was of all men the most agreeable to the taste of King William III.

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION.

There are three views concerning the science and the object of our Christian faith which mark the present state of opinion on this vital theme.

First we have the group of men, scholars and philosophers rather than theologians, who detach the historic Jesus entirely from the living Christ, so far as continuity of person and action goes. The extreme spirits among them treat the idea of a living Christ as an *exotica superstition*, when they use plain language. The matter of their Christianity is but a Christian principle or an ideal Christ, to which the historic Jesus contributed but as a supreme seer might. And such ideas as His own pre-existence, grace, resurrection, redemption, and even sin are not contained in the teaching of this seer, nor suggested by His life; but He has been submerged by them. They were imported into the Church even within New Testament times, by men like Paul, who were deeply imbued with notions current in Judaism and drawn originally from Babylonian and Egyptian speculation. Just as half-a-century ago we were asked to account for New Testament theology by Hellenic influences from the West, so now we are bidden explain it by Semitic influences of a gnostic character from Oriental peoples outside of the ethical monotheism of Israel. Paulinism thus becomes a mere syncretism foisted on the historic Jesus. Christ, it is said, was not a Christian if the Pauline system be Christianity. Paul began the fatal error of Christian history—the error of identifying the Christian principle with the person of Christ.

We should welcome any light upon the historic origin of ideas which suffused the spiritual world into which Christ came, and which offered a cal-

culus for handling the reality that entered our experience in His fullness. But all Oriental doctrines of redemption were but speculative till God's act of real life came in the Cross. The great Pauline ideas, in so far as they existed before Christ, and outside His circle, were not heaped mythically upon the prophet of Nazareth, but were seized by the unutterable experience of Him, and used as a providential language, however inadequate, to convey some notion of what He had done and become for His own. They were the prolegomena of revelation; and themselves in their degree revealed. But the core of Paul's theology was by his own account delivered to him from the other disciples. And we have no more right to isolate the death and resurrection of Jesus from His subsequent life, and His life now, than from His earthly life preceding.

A second group would include those who do find the ground of our Christian faith in the personal word, life, suffering, and work of the historic Jesus. The historic Christ is the inner life of Jesus expressed in these things, and printing itself as the full and final revelation of the Father upon the heart and conscience of those who first came under His influence thirsting for a divine kingdom and eternal life.

To this school (if school we may call it) the death of Christ is the sealing of His life's revelation and effect rather than anything more. And His resurrection and continued life form more of a corollary than a vital element—in the faith of the individual at least. The essential thing here is not, as in the previous group, humanity's ideal Christ planted on Jesus, but God's historic revelation of His grace in Him. On the other hand, the sole action of

this Christ is upon man, and not upon God. It is historic action; and it continues to be historic, even if caused by the living Christ to-day. It is action on man and on his evolution; and the work of Christ has no bearing on God. Our justification is our progressive sanctification. The necessity for His death lay only in the actual subjective condition to which man had come. It was a sacrifice to the hardness of our hearts. It was to soften them. The "must" lay not in any demand arising out of the holy nature of God and its satisfaction, but in the ignorance or self-will of man. At bottom Christ was not the one Redeemer but the supreme Impressionist.

This position is associated more or less with the name of Ritschl, following on Schleiermacher. And it is not to be denied that it has its place or right in an evangelical church, even if we think it is incomplete, and inadequate to the real moral situation of man. Its head-quarters are in the Gospels rather than the Epistles. But its centre of gravity is still Hebraic, not gnostic, and its line of descent runs through the Old Testament. It is not Oriental in any other and more pagan sense.

The third group consists of those who urge that the object of our faith is not primarily the Christ of the Gospels but the whole New Testament Christ, the whole biblical Christ, taken as a unity, without, of course, insistence on historic or speculative details. The total effect of Jesus, they say, was something larger and deeper than the second group allows. It was something whose essential genius is expanded in the theology of the Epistles, and continued in the evangelical and catholic tradition of the Church. When Christ rose in the soul of the apostles, and especially Paul, it meant as much for history (though not for Eternity) as when He rose from His grave. The

faith of the first disciples and of all the truest believers has been a faith in Christ as the objective conqueror of sin, guilt, death, and woe, and a propitiation in some sense to God (though made by God) and not to man alone. Much turns in this view on the essential and supreme place of the risen, the living, reigning, and governing Christ, and upon the effective and permanent relation of His death not only to the demands of man's sin but still more to those of God's holiness. It is urged that the death of Christ was more than a supreme testimony enacted by God to man, and that in some sense God's judgment of sin fell on Him and He took the chastisement of our peace.

Now there is one note which is common to the last two groups I have named, and which is to both equally vital. And that is the supreme Reformation note of the free, unbought, saving *grace* of God to our sin, a revelation made in Christ's redemption once for all, to an experimental faith on our part which is faith in that grace and nothing else. That is the gospel. That is Christianity.

A dream which has much engaged some minds is the surmise of what it might be for Christianity if all sections of Christians should ever be persuaded in deed and truth to make this matter of grace the one article of the Church by which it stands or falls. It is simply the Reformation doctrine of justification by faith, only stated objectively instead of subjectively, as the time requires. There was no undue subjectivity about that doctrine in the faith of the Reformation age, partly owing to the view of Scripture then current. But since that time a great change in the direction of subjectivity has passed over the Reformation Church. And an objective of a firm but simple kind has become an urgent need.

Faith has come to dwell on itself as

a pietism; or else it has glided into a humanist love which calls only for a reciprocal love on the divine side, or vice versa. But while the counterpart of love is love, the counterpart of faith is grace. And if we are to surmount a mere genial theism it is necessary that our faith be stated, not in terms of itself and the love it works to, but of its source and object—the God who in Christ is not merely loving to the lovable, but gracious to the malignant. Such a brief but pregnant statement would, of course, only be the potent minimum for the Church's comprehension; it would not express the maximum of the Church's thought. But it would be a whole theology *in nuce*, and theology neither as academic nor speculative, but as practical, experimental religion. It would have the power, and it would give the freedom, to produce a very varied theology or theologies. Indeed, it would make theologies a necessity. But it would be of the *esse* of the Church, while these were only of its *bene esse*. And the greatest scope would be given to all varieties of theoretical belief which were not plainly or professedly incompatible with the fundamental theme. I do not raise the question whether this central theme should take formal shape, with subscription, as is the tradition of some Churches, or remain a tacit and honorable understanding, as with others. Much would be gained if it were understood that the Church and its theology rests wholly and creatively on this eternal and living act of God's grace to sin, and that the renunciation of this alone puts people outside the pale of gospel ministry.

By grace, it should be said, is here meant on the one hand nothing vague and on the other nothing rigid: nothing merely sympathetic, as with the anti-dogmatists, and nothing subliminal, as with the Catholics. That is to say, it does not mean, taken loosely, the kind-

ness of the Father to His children, nor, taken literally, a hierurgic charisma, a *qualitas infusa*, or state of the soul-substance more or less below consciousness. It is not condescension to human weakness, nor is it a favor shown to human worship. It is a matter of personal relation. But it is a relation of reconciliation and not mere complacency. It is the forgiving, redeeming act of holy love to human sin, an act ultimate and inexplicable. It is not mercy to our failure, or pity for our pain, but it is pardon for our sin. The vaguer uses of the word are certainly found in the Bible, and especially in the Old Testament. Even with St. John the word means graciousness, and the more specific sense is with him gathered under the word love. It was St. Paul that went to the heart of the matter, seized the real mind of Christ, the core of revelation, and preached God's free and holy act of reconciliation by forgiveness as the central differentia of Christianity. And he appropriated to this use the word grace. It therefore designates that which makes Christianity divine and final, that which is the essence of Christ's person and work. It is grace in this sense that was the one motive of the Reformation. The call and genius of that movement was to recover the idea of grace from its Catholic deflection through pagan ethic and mystical metaphysic. It was to make the idea of grace once more religious, historic, and experiential, after being philosophized and theologized for more than a thousand years. Apart from that issue the Reformation would have been a mistake. If that issue be sent to the rear we may as well prepare for the re-Catholicizing of every Protestant land in due slow course. If love be preached, meaning thereby the apotheosis of human affection, and not what Paul meant distinctively by grace, then there is no

such call for Protestantism as would justify its schism within the Church. A Roman Church reformed upon the lines of Erasmus would have been a better agent of the mere love of God than either the Lutheran or the Reformed, and far better than the humanist or rationalist Church, so popular for the hour. If the theologians are to be ruled out, let us take our Christianity from Christian scholars rather than from the *littérateurs*.

One ought not perhaps to speak as I have done of the *mere* love in God. I mean nothing irreverent, for in so speaking I refer really to something which is not in Him—a love which is not holy and is not made perfect in grace, a love which is gracious by the way instead of culminating in grace, which exercises forgiveness as but an incident in His relations with man instead of as a redemption, re-creation, reconstitution of the race. The gift in grace is not mere kindness, and it is not directly moral reformation, but it is religious pardon as a new life with all moral amendment latent in it. It is religious redemption under moral conditions (secured in the propitiation). What comes to us primarily is not a *qualitas infusa*, an *altior virtus*, a miraculous *habitus* of the man, but a personal reconciliation with God. It is rather an attitude, or disposition, or experience, than an actual state. It is not charismatic but pneumatic, not a gift to life but the gift of life. It is entirely bound up with the person and work of Christ as the power of God unto salvation. Faith is the soul's answer to His grace, it is not the heart's answer to love. It is nothing else than personal trust in the personal God in Christ, the personal response to, and appropriation of, God's own personal and eternal act of pardoning and redeeming grace in Christ. It has intellectual implicates, of course, as a poem implies truths which do not rise to the

surface and take explicit shape. Only the assent does not precede the trust, but is included or "suspended" in it. Knowledge, assent, and trust are not three separate acts, but three factors in the one act of faith—just as faith, hope, and love, these three, "abideth" as the singular totality of the Christian life—with the love ever working to the top, but possible only as the fruitage of the rest. And the only vehicle of grace is neither a sacrament nor is it human nature at its best in Jesus, but it is the Word of God—first as Christ, then as the Holy Spirit in Bible and in Church. Grace is no attribute of God, but the content and action of God's will; yet it is not a will of general beneficence for our well-being, but of universal mercy for our salvation, a will not merely to bless the dear but to redeem the lost. The Christian idea of God in His one revelation in Christ is not a benignant God who redeems, but a redeeming God who blesses. By God's grace, then, is meant that distinctive and central element in Christianity which I am at some pains to define. One would deprecate anything like a hypostasis of a divine attribute in speaking of the grace of God. Grace, so far from being one of God's attributes, is the very being and person of God in a certain action on us. The word has no other sense than is implied in the more accurate phrase, a gracious God. When this gracious God became incarnate in Christ He did not send either an agent, a function, or a factor. He came. The whole Godhead was there in the sense of being involved in our redemption.¹

¹ Is it not very striking that the deadly foes of Christ were men who believed passionately in creed, conduct, and charity? His slayers were people who believed to the death in God and in forgiveness, in alms to the poor, and in sympathy to the sorrowful. God was their passion, righteousness their watchword, redemption their grand hope, and benevolence nothing less than a sacrament. Such was Pharisaism. So much it had in common with Christ.

We are all impressed by the evils of our divisions. It is the principle of unity that we lack and look for. We do not concentrate. We waste the attention, the seriousness, the passion, that should move us there on secondary issues, which by themselves distract and enfeeble us. We try to draw from low and outlying sources power which can only flow from the upper springs. We shall never really attain the unity of the Church, or its effect on the world, till we count all things as dust that we may prize God's grace. These words are not banal. They contemplate a Church of one article with all the rest in its bosom, and a theology which would only set forth the scientific implicates of grace. This is not mutilation, not minimalism, but a redistribution of accent, organization, and proportion. We surely do not deny other doctrines when we rally on the doctrine of grace, which issues and organizes them all freely. Let this be the one article of every organized Church, and let us have freedom for every position that does not make it impossible.

In so far as Christianity is doctrinal it has but this one doctrine, which contains all the rest in the germ. The revision of doctrine which we require is simply allowing grace to organize

The deadly conflict was not about monotheism, pardon, nor philanthropy. But it was about a matter which has sunk with us to a mere theologoumenon outside "simple Bible teaching"; it was about the terms of forgiveness. There lies the essence of Christianity. The Pharisee said salvation was a *justificatio justis*, his vindication. The righteous were forgiven their shortcomings out of regard to the matters on which they did not come short. Just as we say that the good side of human nature will at last submerge and justify the rest. But Christ said it was a *justificatio injustis*, a forgiveness unaffected by the good in the sinner, and wholly due to the free grace of God, a grace as free, unbought, undeserved, and inexplicable as the original choice of Israel. For Christ no less than for Paul the whole Christian issue turned on this grace of God to wickedness, not on mere mercy to failure;

truth and adjust its perspective. Doctrines, indeed, do not save. There are no saving doctrines. We have no dogmas, or system of dogmas, delivered us full grown, like the first Adam, and redemptive, like the Second. We have no doctrine which we can lift over bodily from the Bible. The Bible is not a manual of doctrine for all time. It is not its function to present us with finished theology. Its theology is not condensed, but germinal, not complete, but mighty.²

But if there are no saving doctrines, in the sense of doctrines that save, there is and must be a doctrine of salvation. And it is the doctrine of Christ's grace, of the gospel deed for the conscience. We cannot describe Christ as different from us only in degree and not in kind, simply because all we really get then is man's deed in Christ; it is not God's grace for man. And if Christ represent but the height of human achievement, we have no authority for man or his thought. But if we are objectively right in our experience of God's grace in Christ, we have the source, test, and key to all theologies, and the condition of better theologies yet to be. Yes, better yet to be! We must take no step backward unless it be for the run to leap forward. The new Reformation idea of faith has not yet had its scope in this matter.

and it was not for a loving God merely, but for a gracious God He died. If we let that go, no gospel of love alone will save us from Pharisaism, which will come by the way of Catholicism and its semi-Pelagian humanism. And to let it go theologically is nothing to letting it go practically, as so much of our usage is. A study of Pharisaism on its best side greatly clears the real Christian issue. And we have abundant documents for it in much current religion which denounces Pharisaism with freedom and effect.

² Doctrine does not come directly from the Bible. It comes indirectly through the faith and Church the Bible makes. If the Bible were our doctrinal compendium it would need and lead to an infallible interpreter in a Church; and so we reach Rome and its refusal of the Bible to its people.

The Reformation theology was mainly Catholic; it was the Reformation religion, its living faith, that made the new departure and carried in its bosom the new theology. The Reformation, in its fight for a gospel existence, had to take over, and leave with us, a great mass of Christian truth framed on the Catholic idea which the whole movement rose to destroy, namely, that the mind's assent to truth was a greater thing than the will's obedience to grace. The confusions of Protestantism to-day are due to the native incompatibility of these two positions—the supremacy of assent and the supremacy of faith. And our scheme of truth has not yet been thoroughly reorganized by the vital current of the evangelical experience. The theology of the Reformation is not yet quite subdued to the religion of the Reformation. Its belief does not duly express its faith. And why does the reconstruction hang back? Because the Churches are complacently failing that religion, failing that Reformation idea, that revolution-

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ary idea of faith as the answer to grace. They are still more concerned with pity than with faith. And as to faith they still make it too much the answer to truth. Or else they make it but the answer to love. And both these tendencies are those of Roman Catholicism. It is Catholic to worship orthodoxy stiffly with the old people. And it is Catholic to worship love joyfully with the young. The Protestant, the New Testament, idea of faith is the penitent worship with tears and spikenard, with shame and glory, of God's justifying grace. In Protestantism the foundation of all Christian theology has been and must be the antithesis of grace and sin, of gospel and law. The Reformers, like Melancthon, said it was only when we realized this that we began to be intelligent Christians. The one central doctrine of grace has in it the promise and the potency of all the truth, love, joy, and sanctity that the future can demand from the Bible and the Church.

P. T. Forsyth.

PAN-ISLAMISM.

Is Pan-Islamism a scarecrow invented for political purposes, or is it a real danger to our civilizing efforts in Mohammedan Asia, and particularly to England as the Power which rules over the largest number of Mohammedan subjects in the world? This question, which has been brought to the fore by the Denshaw affair, has very naturally elicited a keen interest in political circles, and in order to fully appreciate its importance we must get to the bottom of the conception itself and examine what can be understood by it. If Pan-Islamism denotes a religious community, in strong opposition against unbelievers, ani-

mated by a proselytizing zeal and declaring war on all those who are intent upon its political destruction, then we must look upon it as an old—nay, very old—association, sanctioned by the prophet himself, who has put it as a fundamental principle that *all true believers are brethren*, and in support of which he has ordered the *Haj*—i.e. holy pilgrimage, an annual meeting of true believers in Mecca and Medina, as one of the four main commands of Islam. Now, as long as the religion of the Arabian prophet was victorious in three parts of the world, the idea of Pan-Islamism was very little or seldom spoken of; nay, the spirit of the broth-

erhood was so lax that the different parts of that once mighty community hardly noticed the stress and danger which threatened their co-religionist parties and never thought of lending assistance to them. The Omeiyads in Spain were vanquished at a time when the Khalifs of Bagdad were still in full power and vigor. Bagdad fell under the strokes of Helagu Khan when Islam in Syria, Asia Minor, and Egypt was strong enough, and Kazan as well as Astrakhan was conquered by Russia when the Ottomans were at the zenith of their power. The defence of mutual interests was never thought of. The Sultans of Turkey announced in bombastic letters their victories over Christianity to their co-religionists in Middle and Far Asia; but, excepting Sultan Soliman's desire to conquer India from the Portuguese, no plan for a common action against the rising power of the West is traceable. It is true the Sultans of Turkey, such as Soliman and Murad IV., tried to further their interests by fostering a common feeling of Pan-Islamism in the outlying districts of Asia, but their sundry experiments had no effect, owing partly to the deficient political understanding of the respective leaders, partly also to the unshaken feeling of security those minor components of Islam enjoyed at those times. In looking somewhat deeper into the matter, we shall find that Pan-Islamism came forward in proportion as the political independence of the Mohammedan countries was threatened or annihilated by the growing superiority of the West and the accelerated communication of modern times. It was only at the beginning of the last century that the existence of a common danger began to be seriously recognized, and that means and measures were devised to ward off the danger. I have before me an Arabic pamphlet entitled *General Advice to the Kings and Peoples of Islam*,

by a learned theologian of the High School of Mecca, named Ahmad, al Barzinji-al-Husaini, which dates from the fifties of the past century, and in which attention is drawn to the steadily increasing power of the Christian world, to the crying wrongs and cruelties committed by us against Islam, and in which the successful emulation with our scientific and economical efforts is declared to be the only secure way of escape from total destruction. Somewhat later on similar signs of an awakening were noticeable in Turkey during the reign of Sultan Abdul Medjid, when the younger Turkish generation betook itself to study the bygone period of Arabic cultural splendor, emphasizing at the same time the necessity of arousing a common Moslem feeling along the entire length and breadth of Islam. It was the late Aali Pasha who headed the movement. Travellers from the distant East were honored and taken care of, and as there existed long time ago in Constantinople a *Bokhara-Tekkesi* and a *Hind-Tekkesi*, a kind of a convent or hospice for Mohammedans coming from Central Asia and India, a more intense sympathy was felt for these foreign guests and a closer connection with the distant East was tried. It was under the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid, whose restless and active mind was always fond of machinations, that the Pan-Islamic movement found a most energetic support. Messengers under the guise of religious preachers and expounders of the Koran were sent to all quarters of the globe proclaiming the pious feelings of the Khalifa, and exhorting the true believers to persevere in their faith and to unite in a common bond in the defence of Islam. These seemingly unofficial missions were from time to time answered by delegations sent from Bokhara and Afghanistan, as well as by learned Mohammedans from India; but it would

be idle to attribute to this exchange of mission some far-going political importance, for the predominant feature was of a religious character.

As time went on, and when the rays of modern culture began to have an earlier and easier access to the interior of Asia, and when the European methods and spirit of association began to spread, we notice in India and in Egypt the awakening of Pan-Islamism. As to India, we have to read the late Sir W. W. Hunter's *Our Indian Mussulmans* to get an idea of what was going on with regard to Pan-Islamism under the shelter of British toleration and, let me say at once, shortsightedness. In Egypt things stood differently. Since the accession of Mehemmed Ali to power, and particularly since his protracted quarrel with his sovereign power on the Bosphorus, French influence was gradually increasing on the Nile. The Egyptian always liked to boast and to parade with the pretension of being more civilized, more refined, and more Europeanized than the Turk, and a breeze recalling the boulevards of Paris blew in fact in certain social circles of Cairo and Alexandria. It was owing to the temporary Gallicization of Egypt, which consisted of a very thin layer of Western culture, that political extravagances began to take hold of the Egyptians, and at the outset the craving for independence from the rule of the Sultan increased from day to day. Egyptians took the lead in modern liberalism amongst Mohammedans, and an Egyptian prince—namely, Mustafa Fazil Pasha—gathered around him the young discontented Osmanli students in Europe, and laid the foundation of the political party called "Young Turkey." That Egypt herself derived very little or no benefit from this show of modern culture need hardly be said. The material condition of the country deteriorated from day to day, the poor

fellah was trodden down, robbed, and plundered; of justice and order there was no trace, and the Egyptian army was in such a pitiable condition that the contingent sent by the Khedive during the last Russo-Turkish war in support of his sovereign, to Varna, was well admired for their choice uniform and arms, but from a military point of view the auxiliary army was *nil* and useless. It was related that in the bodyguard of the Viceroy each private had a golden watch in his pocket, but no military virtues in his breast. Suffice to say that the continual squandering and reckless dissipation of the resources of the country had brought Egypt to the brink of bankruptcy; the revolt of Arabi Pasha was an ill-disguised plan to get rid of the European creditors; England had to step in to save the threatened investments of the creditors; and, though the occupation of Egypt closed a sad period of Egyptian anarchy, despotism, and misrule, it opened the door to European rivalry and diplomatic interference, which, although partly discarded by the happy event of the *entente cordiale* is nevertheless, still eagerly used in favor of the ambitious and grasping policy of a well-known European Power.

If the twenty-four years of British rule over Egypt had not been so rich in all kind of blessings, and if the progress visible in all stages of public life had not made such extraordinary and astounding strides, enemies and ill-wishers might well have a plea to justify this emulation; but since enemies and friends are all unanimous in acknowledging that the English occupation has done immense good to the country, and has raised the formerly downtrodden fellah to a degree of prosperity and freedom he never dreamt of under the rule of his co-religionist princes, the above-mentioned interference cannot be too strongly condemned, and must be styled an act

of wanton cruelty to mankind, and a sacrilegious attack against the cause of civilization and humanity. Without entering into details about the perpetrators of this crime, stress must be laid upon the afflicting fact that, through the jealousy and ill-will of the interfering Power, the discontented Egyptians have found, and are steadily finding, great encouragement in their revolutionary schemes, and, very far from the idea of substituting another foreign ruler for the present one, they come out publicly with the motto "Egypt for the Egyptians," doing all in their power to blacken the name of the Christian benefactor of the country, and to decry England as a ruthless tyrant and oppressor. It is certainly wonderful how truth can be so horribly distorted and bright facts so utterly disfigured; but politics are an ugly game, said Goethe; gratitude does not belong to the conspicuous qualities of nations, and so we see to-day, if not the whole of Egypt, a considerable number of the so-called enlightened, but really semi-civilized, Egyptians turning against that very Power which has raised them from the dust of ignominy, poverty, and tyranny, and made them rich as they never were before.

It is in face of this unparalleled monstrosity that we must ask ourselves, What is the secret spring of the whole movement? Is it the aforesaid foreign influence, is it the patriotic desire for political independence, or is it the hidden fire of Pan-Islamism which agitates the religious minds, trying to reinstate the faith of the Arabian prophet on its former political independence, and to begin a war against the supremacy of the Christian West? I think, as far as regards Egypt, all three agencies are simultaneously at work; but, considering the title by which this paper is headed, we have to devote a particular attention to Pan-

Islamism, and to examine its possibilities and its present and future danger to our civilizing efforts in the Moslem world. We have to put before all other questions whether we can understand by this word a unanimous and united action of all Mohammedans in the three parts of the world, and whether such an action can and will prove disastrous to the advancing power of the West. As to the former, it is obviously clear that a religious community, stretching over such a vast area and living under such widely different climatic, ethnical, and ethical conditions as Islam, cannot so easily be united into common action, for which a certain degree of culture and political maturity is indispensable. In letting pass before my eyes the sturdy and plain Ozbeg the Turkoman, together with the sly and cunning Tadjik and Sart of Central Asia; in holding review over the Moulvi of India, the Beduin and the Wahabi of Nejd, the valuglorious Akhond of Persia, the self-conceited Arab of Syria; the honest, much-advanced, and hard-working Tartar of South Russia; the plain and brave Osmanli of Anatolia, and over many other members of the-Moslem community, I cannot help noticing the wide gulf which separates one from the other—a gulf which cannot be so easily bridged by the *Kalima* (profession of faith), and by other uniting forces of Islam. From a theoretical point of view it is quite admissible to speak of a sacred brotherhood and of a secret Hermandad, as it pleases the fanatics, but in reality it would be idle to suppose that the large unwieldy body extending from the interior of China to the Atlantic, and from Tobolsk to Java and to the interior of Africa, can be so easily brought into motion and utilized for the purpose of a Pan-Islamic action. No, that is impossible; for, admitting that we can speak of a Pan-Christian movement during the Cru-

sades, Islam has never furnished a similar example—nay, on the contrary, we have often witnessed many intestine wars amongst the various components of the Mohammedan community, which accelerated and led to the political downfall of the whole body. Anybody trying, therefore, to rank the Pan-Islamic movement amongst the threatening dangers of the day is certainly mistaken; for, besides the quoted arguments, we ought not to forget that nearly two-thirds of the Mohammedans are under Christian rule, and consequently lacking the free hand necessary for a deliberate and successful action. The rumors current about the uncounted millions in the Dark Continent, in China, and in Arabia, deserve as much credit as the haphazard numbers of the Mohammedans of Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan, where up to the present no census has been taken, and where all numerical dates rest upon guesswork.

Nobody will and can pretend that the followers of the religion of the Arabian prophet, who occupy to-day the same position which Christianity occupied in the twelfth and thirteenth century, are particularly well disposed towards Christendom, whose spiritual and material ascendancy they have to feel everywhere. It would be self-delusion to assume their acquiescence in the fate they have to endure. But, instead of speaking of a general rising of Pan-Islamism, we have before us at present only *local outbursts of those Mohammedan countries* where the Moslem population exceeds the number of non-Moslems, and where a certain progress on the path of Western culture has awakened the premature desire for political independence, as shown in the case of Egypt. "Young Egypt" will of course demur to our using the adjective of *premature*, but serious questions cannot be handled with obliging delicacy and without of-

fending the *amour-propre* of Mustafa Kamel Pasha, the actual leader of the anti-English movement on the Nile, whose personal visit I had several times in Budapest. I would beg leave to ask him: whether he is quite sure that, on the withdrawing of England from Egypt, the country will continue in the flourishing condition of to-day; whether the Egyptian trade, which has risen in ten years from 23,271,000*l.* to 41,924,000*l.*, will go on increasing; whether the fellah will augment the freedom, security, and well-being he enjoys under the much hated and despised Christian foreigner? It is true he and many other excited patriots say: "We prefer poverty and tyranny under native Mohammedan princes to wealth and liberty under a foreign ruler." But I very much doubt whether this opinion is shared by his less fanatic countrymen of riper consideration. The anti-English papers, such as *Al Linca* (The Standard) and *Al Moayad* (The Helper), may continue to be sold and read in nine to ten thousand copies, but this does not prove that the English evacuation of Egypt will be a blessing to the country. *Qui bene distinguit bene docet*, says a Latin proverb. Modern Egypt has undoubtedly made remarkable strides in Western culture, as there are many Egyptians who excel in sundry branches of modern sciences—thanks to the peace and order enjoyed under British rule—but, taken as a whole, the general cultural, social, and moral situation of the country has not yet attained the degree of education necessary for self-government. The false splendor and the tawdry dress or outward show are appearing in many features of the life of the so-called modern Egypt, and it reminds me much of the rising Osmanli generation in the middle of the last century, with whom a smattering of French and the adoption of patent leather boots and glacé gloves denoted

the progressive Turk. I am the last to wish to blacken the leaders of Mohammedan society, but I beg leave to ask: does there exist a Mohammedan Government where the deep-seated evil of tyranny, anarchy, misrule, and utter collapse does not offer the most appalling picture of human caducity? It is a very dubious service these fiery "patriots" render to their country by throwing obstacles in England's way: they do more harm than good, for a well-informed French writer in *Le Temps* is quite right in saying: "Et l'Angleterre prendra pour prétexte l'opposition maladroite que lui font et que vont continuer à lui faire des 'patriotes' à courte vue"—namely, by changing the protectorate into annexation.

Next to these inconsiderate patriots of Egypt a good portion of reproof should fall on her so-called foreign friends, who, moved by envy and jealousy, are steadily inciting the Egyptians against their present teacher and benefactor, forgetting altogether that by injuring and retarding the work of one Western Power the others must also feel the nefarious consequences. To these dubious well-wishers belonged formerly France, Russia, and in fact all rivals of the British in the East, and in the foremost rank those adventurers and fortune-seekers for whom the newly introduced order has barred the way to adventurous concerns. To ingratiate themselves with the Egyptians all kind of slander was invented, all possible opprobrium was thrown on the English. Amongst the latter ones, I am sorry to say, we find even an Englishman, who, anxious to foster the pure Egyptian patriotism, has composed *La Marseillaise Egyptienne! Chanson Patriotique Egyptienne*, and dedicated it to his Highness Abbas Pasha the Second. From the first strophe:—
 —Un Pays (se disant—non barbare!)
 De l'Egypte se voudrait s'emparer!
 Si, rusément, il s'en empare,

L'Europe il voudrait chicaner!
 Notre brave Khédive—de dignes manières—
 Devait régner sans gouverner!
 On le tiendrait en lisières!
 Pour, ainsi, mieux l'intimider.
 Vive la Liberté!
 L'Egypte émancipée
 (Louanges à Dieu!)
 Que l'Anglais s'en esquive!
 De l'Egypte Khédive!
 (Louanges à Dieu!)
 Que l'Anglais s'en esquive!

The reader may gauge the whole contents of the insipid poetry which was published in 1893 in London, and circulated amongst the patriots on the Nile. Other similar literary compositions have appeared and been approved of in and out of Egypt, and we may well ask, Is it to be wondered that an Eastern people, unaccustomed to the firm law and order of a stable government, should be ready to turn against the new state of things created by the English occupation, and that the number of discontented and disappointed should steadily increase? Unfortunately for England's position in Egypt, certain Mohammedan circles some time ago began to look upon Germany's policy in the Mohammedan world as openly antagonistic to Great Britain and obviously sympathetic to Islam. The Kaiser's intimate friendship with Sultan Abdul Hamid, his speech in Damascus at the time of his visit to Palestine, when he called the Khalifa the lord supreme of three hundred millions of Mohammedans—his appearance and behavior at Tangiers, and many other ostentatious demonstrations of friendship to Islam have unavoidably flattered and raised the hopes of a certain class in the Moslem world. It is no secret that this relation of Germany to the Mohammedans is beginning also to be valued in the eyes of the Germans themselves, and only a short time ago we read in a German weekly, published in London,

in an article from the able pen of Mr. Carl Peters, the well-known African traveller, tracing the actually not very brilliant political constellation of the Fatherland, the following passage:

Einem einzigen Faktor gibt es, der für uns in die Wagschale mitfallen könnte und im Fall eines Weltkrieges nutzbar für uns gemacht werden kann: das ist der Islam. Als Pan-Islamismus liess er sich gegen Grossbritannien, wie gegen die französische Republik ausspielen und, wenn die deutsche Politik kühn genug ist, kann es das Dynamit bilden, welches die Herrschaft der Westmächte von Cap Nun bis nach Kalkutta in die Luft sprengt.¹

This is, at all events, a most amiable intention, although I greatly doubt whether a high-minded and ingenious prince like William the Second will ever associate himself with such a destructive and barbarous scheme; but the fact in itself that such a scheme could be devised and expounded is a telling and ominous proof of the exasperation and irritation which the political relations between Germany and the Western Powers have reached. And this fact must be highly regretted. I belong to those who always advocated an amicable understanding between England and Germany, as shown by a paper published in this Review (March, 1903). I go even further, and say that the apparition of Germany in Asia Minor will be most advantageous to our civilizing efforts in the East; for the industrious, learned, and painstaking Germans will leave a salutary influence upon the social, economic, and cultural development of the

motley population of Anatolia. But this could all be done without the application of visionary plans and without the adoption of forcible means, which, whilst seriously injuring the purposes of our civilizing efforts, will be of no good to Germany herself. If German politicians imagine that by constantly petting the absolutist and ruinous rule of Sultan Abdul Hamid, and by striving to represent the Emperor William the Second as the protector of Islam, they will attain their end, they are sadly mistaken. Before all, I beg to allude to the fact that the policy of Yildiz is not the policy of Turkey; for although the mute and dumb public opinion in Turkey, where the most cruel censorship has strangled the Press, has not shown up to the present its absolute dislike and reluctance to the Germanophile policy of the court, the free Turkish papers published outside of Turkey are and have been always prone to abuse and to discredit the policy of the Sultan, whom they blame for the very flimsy equivalent he has got up to the present for many valuable concessions given to Germany in military matters, in mining and shipping concerns, in railways, and in all kinds of commercial and industrial enterprises. And, further, who in the world will be so naïve as to believe that a Christian ruler will so easily ingratiate himself with the orthodox Mohammedan people; with a society whose religious life and notions are such as ours were in the eleventh and twelfth centuries? As the Kaiser is not averse to be compared with great historical figures, we beg leave to quote the case of General Bonaparte, of whom it is well known that, in trying to win the sympathies of the influential Arab Sheikhs of Cairo, he publicly avowed his admiration and affection for the religion of the Prophet. Well, what was the result of this simulated apostasy? Bonaparte says in excuse (I

¹ "There is one factor which might fall on our side of the balance and in the case of a World-war might be made useful to us: that factor is, Islam. As Pan-Islamism it could be played against Great Britain as well as against the French Republic; and if German policy is bold enough, it can fashion the dynamite to blow into the air the rule of the Western Powers from Cape Nun to Calcutta."

quote the learned Orientalist, Victor Chauvin, in his treatise²):—

Je réussissais en Egypte parce que je me montrais musulman avec les sectateurs du prophète—En les cajolant j'ai été prévenu par eux de trois combats contre moi.

A native historian, however (Nakoula), has a different opinion, and he says:—

Il (Bonaparte) traitait les Musulmans avec bonté, leur témoignait une grande amitié, paraissait plein de respect pour la religion musulmane, et prétendait qu'il suivait l'évidente vérité, ainsi qu'eux-mêmes. Mais les Egyptiens n'ajoutaient pas foi à ses discours, ils les regardaient comme une déception et n'avaient pas de tranquillité.

One may well assume that where the acknowledged Corsican juggler did not succeed, success will hardly be attained by the German Emperor. It is a great pity that the German Emperor is not duly informed of the disaffection and hatred he has created amongst the enlightened Turks by the support he gives to the Sultan Abdul Hamid, for the general opinion prevails in Turkey that it is the Kaiser who instigates the Sultan to continue his absolutist rule, and who dissuades him from according liberties to his people. Not more creditable is the Emperor's interference in Morocco, where he tries to uphold the rule of one of the most disolute, incapable, and despotic princes, who depends on the activity of robber chiefs like Raisuli and Anflus, and whose government is the very prototype of the mediæval corsair states on the north-west of Africa. How can this policy be united with the civilizing Christian spirit of the Emperor in whom we are accustomed to see not only a soldier, a sailor, a musician and statesman, but also a preacher of

sermons and a defender of the faith of Christ? The support and encouragement given to Pan-Islamism is certainly not the happy instrument which will secure to Germany a future ascendancy over France and England in Mohammedan Asia, and it requires a good deal of casuistry to justify the position assumed by William the Second at the head of Pan-Islamism against Christianity.

We repeat therefore, if Pan-Islamism—viz. a united action of all Mohammedans in the world—is under the present circumstances impossible, a local outburst of political efforts, under the disguise of religious fanaticism, deserves the much more our full attention, and the danger of such an attempt threatens in the first place Great Britain's imperial interests, partly in Egypt, partly also in India, where modern views about liberty and self-government have sooner found entrance than in the rest of the Moslem world, and where, so to speak, the foreign conqueror, through his educational system, has himself forged and sharpened the weapon by which he is threatened. This is a dilemma which could hardly be avoided, and it is incumbent upon England to be prepared for all emergencies and to look straight in the face of coming events. It must be borne in mind that the present unrest in certain portions of the Mohammedan world must be eminently ascribed to the increased facilities in the field of public instruction, to the closer acquaintance with modern sciences and literature, and to the remarkable approach of a certain class of Mohammedans to our Western views and mode of thinking. The progress with regard to this revival is simply astounding. Modern schools are everywhere opened; even the Khan of Khiva has recently founded a college; newspapers come out like mushrooms, journeys to Europe have become fashionable, and, as this

² *La Légende Egyptienne de Bonaparte* (Mons 1902), p. 40.

cultural movement steadily goes on, the actual European tutor and civilizer will certainly have to reckon with the future accomplishments of his pupil, and will have to bear the consequences. This necessity will press upon us whether we like it or not. But as this is an event of an incalculable time to come, we have to concentrate all our care and attention upon the task and the time actually before us, and, far from being afraid of the momentary restlessness of our pupil under instruction, we have to adopt precautionary measures against all juvenile leaps and bounds, and beyond all we must not tolerate freaks by which our civilizing efforts may be retarded or rendered futile. This caution refers particularly to England's position in Egypt, where, as previously emphasized, the ground has long ago been prepared for unripe liberal pretensions, and where a very thin layer of Western culture has produced a self-conceit-edness and has roused ill-founded aspirations. Of course it is very difficult for England to act against the very spirit of liberty and toleration which has been always the pride and ornament of British administration all over the world; but in a country where the Christian element and the ruling power is faced by such an immense majority, exceptional measures are not only permitted—nay, they have become an imperious necessity, and temporary restriction of the Press, for example, is certainly less injurious to the welfare of England and Egypt than the political hallucinations of a certain class of journalists who, by envenoming public opinion, do great harm to the moral and material interests of their country.

It is a pity that English statesmen and politicians do not pay sufficient attention to the emanations of the Mohammedan press, which has become of late a most important factor in our political relations with Moslem Asia.

Most of these papers, edited by men conversant with one or several European languages, and provided with sufficient historical and geographical knowledge to form a proper conception of the leading topics, have a particularly sharp eye on daily occurrences which refer to the common cause of Islam, to the grievances of any section of the Moslem world, be it even far away from them, and it is really astonishing that hardly any act touching the schemes and deeds of our government in Asia escapes their attention. I shall quote but one example. Whereas *The Times* has taken up, only a few days ago, the discussion of the origin and meaning of *Bande Mataram*, the revolutionary appeal of Bengal, I have found, four months ago, Turkish, Tartar, and Arab papers explaining the significance and importance of this war cry to our readers, rejoicing at the same time at the grave troubles awaiting the British administration of India in connection with the partition of Bengal. Any open attack directed against England, or any fiery appeal in the interest of unity and encouragement to shake off the hated yoke of the Christian conqueror is quoted and carefully translated in the newspapers of the different countries. There appeared, a few months ago, in the Arab paper *Ez Zahir*, a kind of proclamation to Indians and Egyptians to rise against England, of which I beg leave to give a concise extract:

It is almost certain that when a great power endeavors to raise the mental condition of the subjugated smaller power, it usually happens that the weaving loom, from which the conqueror has fetched his means and resources, will in the ultimate end produce also the deathpall of his grandeur. We notice this in the relation of Rome with the less civilized nations, we see it in the history of France, and this will also undoubtedly be the case of Great Britain in her relation with the con-

quered elements. In accordance with our proverb—"Collapse is the next-door neighbor to greatness"—we see that England, which for the sake of aggrandizement has extended her conquests over the whole world and adopted the name of Lord of the Seas, is nevertheless quickly approaching the days of her downfall. The nations living under her oppression and tyranny begin to see the dawn of liberty, and the foremost of the latter ones is the people of India. This unfortunate people has for a hundred and fifty years been groaning under the cruel yoke of despotism, and it is only by laying heavy fetters on the hands and feet of her victims that England maintains her overpowering position. When these miserable slaves stretch out their tongue to lick at something, the English at once raise their heavy hand, preventing them from eating and drinking. It is thus that the English suck the blood of millions of Indians, and when a few years ago the cholera broke out, ravaging the country frightfully, the English instead of using preventive measures, did nothing to stop the evil. India has become a place of pleasure-trips and sport for the Britisher. The Indian chiefs give valuable presents to the visitor, who returns richly laden to his country, parading at the same time the honesty, integrity, and incorruptibility of his nation. And then was it not the English Government which appointed Warren Hastings, a most ignorant, corrupt, and tyrannical fellow, as ruler over the whole of India? It was only after numberless complaints of crying injustices had reached the Central Government that he was dismissed from office. Well, such is the manner of acting of the famous just, civilized, and moderate English! Happily their policy of infinite treachery and ruse is beginning to burst, and the time of revenge against these insolent, overbearing, and haughty oppressors has arrived at last. The elongated shadow of the afternoon sun of their power will soon disappear! When His Majesty the King of England, in a speech from the throne, said: "We shall accord liberty and independence to the people of the Transvaal in order to facilitate

their progress and to secure their attachment to the Crown," the people of India may well ask "Why are similar concessions not accorded in India, or are the Indians less capable and less gifted than the South Africans?" And, further, if the English avail themselves of such pretexts, who is the cause of our having remained behind—we, the quiet and obedient people, or the so-called disinterested magnanimous teacher? It is all useless to misrepresent facts, for it is patent that there is no difference between India of to-day and between India of the middle ages, and all high-sounding statements about our great strides in civilization is but grandiloquent empty talk. Nobody can deny that the Indians were formerly the great owners of Central Asia; their culture was predominant, and some of their towns became the centre of learning and knowledge, from which it had spread to the most distant parts of the world. Until quite recently nobody knew hardly anything about Japan; but unity coupled with the firm and resolute intention of a handful of men has produced extraordinary results and vanquished the once much-dreaded power of the North. Afraid of this wonderful success, proud and haughty Albion had to condescend and to seek the friendship and alliance of Japan, which occupies to-day a foremost rank amongst the great nations of the world, whereas India, having passed one hundred and fifty years under foreign rule, is still in need of instruction and education. This is what we know as the result of British rule in India. Are we not entitled to ask, what will become of Egypt under the rule of the same Power; of Egypt, known as the Beauty of the East, the trade centre of the world, and the Lord of the Seas; of Egypt, whose export has lately risen to a height never attained by India? We consequently ask: has the time not come yet when, uniting the suppressed wailings of India with our own groans and sighs in Egypt, we should say to each other, "Come, let us be one, following the divine words, Victory belongs to the united forces"? Or should we Egyptians, in taking a lesson from the people of the Transvaal in their desire for self-government, not give

vent to similar desires? Certainly the time has come when we (India and Egypt) should cut and tear asunder the ties of the yoke imposed on us by the English.

Papers of similar amiable contents are published under the eyes of the British administration of Egypt, and the question is well justified: Is this the outcome of toleration and liberty, or of negligence and carelessness? I am afraid this is too much of what is called indulgence and forbearance, and if a change does not set in very shortly the dire results will be felt along the whole line and the consequences will be disastrous to the British rule in Moslem Asia. The incident of Den-shawi must be looked upon at all events as a timely warning against an excessive feeling of security. That British officers could not find another pastime than the shooting of doves amidst a population where these birds are particularly petted, must be highly regretted, for we have no right to disregard the manners and habits of a foreign country, however silly and childish they may seem to us. The mischief was naturally on both sides, but the Government could not stop the course of justice, and due punishment had to be meted out to the act of mur-

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der in cold blood, for indulgence would have been dangerous with a constantly incited and revolutionized population. Humanity-mongers may be shocked and incensed at the use of gallows and kurbash, but they may rest assured that these somewhat mediæval appliances are certainly less horrible and shocking than the evil produced by an out-of-place leniency at a time when sedition is nearly ripe, and when a community, being on the best way to secure the blessings of a better future, is stubbornly bent upon falling back into the dark night of anarchy, despotism, and barbarity.

In conclusion, I must forestall any criticism eventually arising out of the apparent incongruity between the views expressed in this paper and my position as a friend of Islam. It is because I am a well-wisher of the Mohammedans and anxiously desirous to see their lot ameliorated that I must declare myself against all adventurous and ill-devised plans of forcible revolution, such as the confidence in Pan-Islamism, which must long remain an empty vision, and, by rousing the suspicion of the mighty European Powers, will curtail the liberties the Moslems enjoy at present and will uselessly retard the work of their progress.

A. Vambéry.

GREAT POSSESSIONS.

A girl stood by the dressing table in a small bedroom in Kensington counting sovereigns into a cigar box. It was nearly dark, and she counted them slowly and carefully, bending low over the table, and calling the number of each one softly under her breath as she dropped it into the box—seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. Then she stood upright, and drew a deep breath, as though satisfied at last that

there had been no mistake in her reckoning.

With a smile of happiness she drew her purse from her pocket and added another, and counted them all over again. She gave a little laugh, partly from sheer pleasure, and partly at herself for being so pleased; then shut the box with a sharp click, locked it up in a drawer and hurried out of the room humming.

At the top of the house was a bare, desolate-looking studio, with a small round table at one end, by an open window. A brass lamp, unlighted, and a box of cigarettes stood upon it, and two cane chairs on either side, in one of which a big man sat smoking a pipe. He turned his head as she entered, but did not speak; and she sat down opposite to him and lighted a cigarette.

She had a secret to tell him, and she did not know how to begin. She was so afraid she would not be able to make him understand how vital the matter was to her, and she could not bear the thought of seeming to him like a child, making a fuss about something which was of no real importance, and would all be forgotten in a week or two. He was her brother, and was very fond of her. But he was a painter, whereas she, in spite of her education and the honest efforts she had made to profit by it, could never draw anything correctly except by accident.

For this reason he had never been able to take her quite seriously. She knew this well, and did not resent it in the least, but she saw that it would make it very difficult for him to realize the tremendous force of the ambition which had taken hold upon her. Though it lay in a different direction, it was just as powerful and imperative as that which possessed him; and she knew that his ambition was never absent from his thoughts for a single hour.

She had a beautiful voice, which was the gift of God; and it had grown to be a necessity of her life that her voice should be trained and cultivated until it was fitted for the high artistic purpose for which it had been intended. And although she was by nature careless and improvident, nevertheless, out of money laboriously earned by hand coloring Christmas cards and similar

miserably paid work, she had saved twenty guineas, in order that she might be able to accept an offer made a year ago by a famous singing master to receive so promising a pupil at what was termed a purely nominal fee.

This was her secret; and she sat very still, watching her brother covertly in the growing darkness, and wondering how she could make him understand all the money meant to her; that she had at last the means of entering upon what she knew to be her divinely appointed task, in the fulfilment of which lay her life's one chance of contentment.

The silence grew more than she could bear. It seemed that the moment she had pictured to herself through all those weary hours of dull, monotonous labor was slipping away from her unenjoyed. She must speak, and trust to her wit to lead as quickly as she could to the point where she could open her heart to him and ask for the sympathy and encouragement she knew he would give her if only he understood. But he must be made to understand at once. She could not enter into a long explanation to prove to him that this was not the passing caprice of a girl who had nothing in particular to occupy her mind.

"Paul," she began at random, "I saw Dick to-day. I had tea with him."

"Did you?" he answered lazily, "and how's Dick? And what's he doing?"

"Oh, splendid!" she exclaimed with real enthusiasm. "At least, I think it is. It's a big picture: a girl dancing—almost life size. But it's beautifully done, every bit of it; and simply alive! It's much the best thing I've seen of his. But I can't describe it; you must go and see it for yourself."

She paused a moment and then went on with a note of anxiety in her voice. "But, Paul, he does look terribly poorly. He's been doing a lot at it, I think; and he's got nobody to look after him, you

know, and see that he has his meals properly. I made him come out for a walk, though he didn't want to. But I think it did him good. He's been an awful time over that picture."

Paul looked worried. He knew from experience that when an artist—an interesting, struggling young artist—takes a long time over one of those masterpieces which is ultimately to take the world by storm, that artist is likely in the meantime to be living very simply.

"Did he seem hard up?" he asked without looking at her.

"I don't know that he did, particularly," she said. "Not more than usual. I daresay he is, though. He's been having a model, for one thing. But still, he does black and white in the evenings. He's not lazy, like us. Perhaps he's all right. And if he isn't we can give him dinners here. We've enough to go on with, haven't we?"

She was not shy of talking of poverty, either her own or any one else's. She did not regard it as in any way discreditable; scarcely even as a misfortune. She would as soon have thought of denying that it was growing dark, as that she had not a shilling, if such happened to be the case. It was merely a circumstance; something that chanced to occur, like a shower of rain, without anybody in particular being to blame for it. So long as a friend had food and tobacco, and a fire, if the weather was cold, she did not, as a rule, waste her sympathy upon him. There were times when in her own house there had been none of these things.

"I'm glad of that," said Paul, "because I owe him twenty pounds; and I can't possibly pay him just now."

She grew cold as ice from head to foot. In a moment the scene in Dick's studio rose before her. The thin dull-colored face, and the haze of tobacco smoke; the chipped teapot, and the ab-

sence of the sixpenny Madeira cake. She knew that he had been indoors all day working, and she guessed that he had probably been smoking all the time, because tobacco cost less, on the whole, than food, and went further. Besides, he would probably have some by him. But no cake! Dick always had a cake. She felt herself grow crimson. Dick was hard up. She knew it. She could not understand how it was she had not seen it at once; she was so sure of it now. She would not have worried much about it; merely asked him in to dinner; only—the thought stung like a wasp—she and her brother had been living on Dick's money, and Dick wanted it himself. If they invited him, his entertainment would be at his own expense.

Then a dreadful fear seized her. She saw what was coming, and struggled to avoid it; to thrust it away. But with a rush the truth was upon her. She had twenty pounds upstairs that belonged by right to Dick. She would have to give it to him. The light died down out of her eyes, like a candle burnt to the socket. She knew so well the ups and downs of their little household, and it seemed hopeless to try and save such a sum twice over. And then there flashed through her mind the thousand arguments the artist in her prompted. Her art, her future career, her duty towards her gifts called loudly to her, and she could not help listening. It seemed almost like a question of religion to a martyr. Then in a moment her quick mind told her that without Dick's money she could not have saved her twenty guineas. Paul would have wanted them to pay the household expenses.

Then came the remembrance of Dick's picture; strong, beautiful and vigorous. Dick too had his art, and he was going to succeed. Jealousy burnt itself into her heart, such as she had never felt before, nor ever im-

agined that she could feel, even towards an enemy. And Dick was her friend. But his art was not hers. If she had been really a painter, she felt she could never have done what she knew she was going to do; what she must do. And yet it was like parting with her very soul; her claim upon a future life.

She sat very still. The darkness gathered outside, and the stars came out one by one behind the black chimneys. The rattle of the traffic sounded fainter and fainter, and the voices in the street seemed to be coming from some vast abyss, deep down below the ground, very far away. She felt exhausted, weakened; as if she had been knocked down and hurt in an accident. Her brother smoked on and looked at the stars. She wondered what he was thinking of; whether he had any idea of what was happening to her. She wondered curiously what men did think about when they sat so still and silent. What Dick thought about in the long evenings, alone in his little, untidy room. She felt strangely aloof from everything. Able to look on and observe, without being herself involved in anything that might occur.

Her brother stretched out his arm, and knocked his pipe out on the window sill. She saw the bright red sparks fly out and disappear into the black street. Then he leaned back comfortably, and filled it again. "You might give me the matches, will you?" he said. "They're over by you, somewhere."

She started. Some one was speaking to her, as one human being to another. The world was real again, and she was alive in the world, and had a share in what was going on. The room no longer seemed so strange and new to her, and Paul's big form looked solid and familiar. She remembered that she had something to do; and got up with the box of matches in her

hand, and came towards him. "Oh, don't bother. Throw them!" said Paul.

It flashed upon her suddenly that Paul would think it strange that she should have twenty guineas. She knew he would not hesitate to take them, as he wanted them for such a purpose; and he could not possibly understand what it meant to her to give them up. Paul had probably never given a second thought to the matter of her singing lessons; and had no doubt forgotten all about the offer that had been made to an exceptionally promising pupil. It was not that he did not care to bother himself about her, but he was simply incapable of imagining for himself that any one could attach importance to such a thing as singing when there was the opportunity of being a painter.

He would certainly think it odd that she should have kept so much money to herself, without telling him anything about it. But she could not help it. She was too stunned and confused to tell him about it now. Some day he would understand. It would be all right. She would explain it all to him later, when she had time, and was not so tired.

"Paul," she said steadily, "we may as well pay Dick. I believe he is rather hard up, now I remember. He looked very queer. I can give you the money—I've got twenty guineas. You know I was going to have those singing lessons this year, if we could manage it; but that can easily wait."

Paul looked at her. "By George!" he exclaimed. "Fancy you having twenty guineas! How in the world did you get it?" Then, after a slight pause, he went on: "It's awfully good of you. I remember you were rather keen on singing at one time, weren't you?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. "We shall soon get some more money, I dare say; and the singing lessons will

do just as well later on. I think we ought to pay Dick."

"It's awfully good of you," he said again. "I've been wanting to pay him for months, only I hadn't the money. I've been rather hard up myself, to tell the truth. I had no idea you had so much."

She winced slightly but did not speak. She went quickly out of the studio, and into her bedroom. She lighted the candle and unlocked the drawer, took out the cigar-box, fastened down with its one thin nail, and tumbled the contents on to the bed. She counted them over—twenty-one golden sovereigns—the reward of a perseverance and self-control that seemed little short of miraculous, even to herself. She could not understand it; she could only marvel, as she looked at the heap of sovereigns, which were there to bear witness to what she had achieved. She could remember them all, each single one; how she had earned it, and how she had managed to save it. She wondered what she would have done with the money if she had not wanted it

Temple Bar.

so much for something else; so very much for something else!

For one moment a passionate anger against Dick swept over her, carrying away every other thought; and the coins became only a shining yellow blur on the white quilt. She turned away, and stood for nearly a minute staring straight at the flame of the candle, which burned steadily as a lamp; and seemed to expand, and approach nearer and nearer, until everything else faded and disappeared, and she saw nothing but a huge circle of bright light. Her eyes grew large and round, and her face looked white and thin. Her chin came forward, and two little hard lumps showed themselves at the corners of her jawbone, as she set her teeth firmly together. Slowly she gathered up the money, and, with a queer little smile, she put one sovereign back into the cigar-box, and locked it up in the drawer. She pulled the key out with a jerk. Then, with her twenty pounds in her hand, she went back again to where her brother was sitting smoking in the dark studio.

E. S. Kemp Robinson.

LORD ROSEBERY ON STATESMANSHIP.

Lord Rosebery may have his defects as a political leader, but he is admirable as a political moralist. No man is a greater adept at interpreting the careers of his predecessors, putting his finger on the weak spots, and saying "Here" and "Here they failed." For he has in a high degree sympathy, and imagination, and the gift of mental detachment. He can be just to an opponent and critical of an ally, and he can point a universal moral without giving it a shallow contemporary application. In the little study of Lord Randolph Churchill which he has just published (London: A. L. Humphreys, 3s. 6d.)

he describes, as an old friend and a warm admirer, the most dazzling political career, save Disraeli's, in modern times, and, save Mr. Parnell's, also the most tragic. His conclusion is the common one: that Lord Randolph Churchill failed in the main because of certain inherent defects of brain and character which are inconsistent with the highest statesmanship. And incidentally he provides a commentary on a certain attitude in politics, of which Lord Randolph Churchill was the most remarkable instance, but which did not die with him, as it did not arise with him. Lord Rosebery calls it "Tory

Democracy"; but that is only one variety of it. We should prefer to describe it by a wider name, and call it political petulance.

The genesis of the thing is simple. A young man with a clever, undisciplined mind finds himself attached to a political party. It is not convenient that he should leave it; he may even prefer it on the whole to the other camp; but he has no notion of sitting still under the party discipline. It pleases him to be rather conspicuously candid about the faults of his friends, and rather specially appreciative of the merits of his foes. It flatters his intellectual vanity to coquet with heresies, and show himself broad-minded enough to differ from his party dogmas. He does not wish to change sides,—convenience, self-interest, even a balance of genuine conviction, may forbid it; but he has no desire to fight in the party ranks. He wants desperately to fight, but his position will be by himself, somewhere between the opposing armies, though a little nearer his nominal side; and if he sends most of his shots into the enemy's ranks, he will bestow not a few upon his friends by way of waking them up. He may be a Tory Democrat, or a Liberal Conservative, or any other mixture of incompatibles. Properly speaking, he is not the character whom the Americans describe by the disagreeable word "Mugwump," for his difficulty is not that he sees the faults of both sides so clearly that he cannot decide. He can decide well enough, and he is sufficient of a partisan not to care greatly about faults. His trouble is rather that an ingrained egotism, petulance, and freakishness prevent him from being of any use to the party he honors with his patronage.

This political petulance springs in all who share it from some defect of character; but in its more famous exponents there is also a genuine per-

version of mind. They underrate what the ordinary man values,—political badges, the common forms of political honesty, the plain meaning of words. They are guilty of loose thinking and moral apathy, for finding that they have gradually become unorthodox, they do not change their tabernacle, but are content to remain as "political freethinkers." Now, in a very real sense, freethought in politics is impossible. If a man is to do any good in that world, he must cease to be a free-lance. The Hal o' the Wynd who fights for his own hand does not win battles, and Mr. Haughty in Bunyan's "Holy War," who did not consider the cause he fought for, was very properly hanged at daybreak. It is perfectly true that in modern politics there are no profound distinctions of principle between parties. The Liberal policy of to-day is the Conservative policy of to-morrow, and a Gladstone develops by reasonable stages from Tory to Radical, and a Chamberlain from Radical to Conservative. It is temperament or tradition which, to begin with, decides which party shall be honored by our adherence. But, that adherence having been given, it is necessary to take seriously the duties which follow on it. If a leader is accepted, he must be loyally served; if a breach is inevitable, the severance must be seriously and resolutely made. To take the party system too lightly argues a shallow neglect of the value of distinctions, which is as sure a sign of mental obtuseness as their deification. Party loyalty is as much loyalty to a creed as to an organization; and though the creed is relatively unimportant, the character which dictates or forbids loyalty to it matters everything. The English people above all things detest the inconstant, the fantastic, and the fickle in politics, showing therein a surer instinct than their detractors, for they see that in most cases it is not

mental acumen but moral weakness which is the cause of such fits of petulance and disloyalty. They scent egotism and vanity, which they know in the last resort are the foes of patriotism.

The Tory Democrat, to take one combination, was a bad Tory and a doubtful Democrat. He imagined that a lip-service to the Constitution or the Establishment excused the wildest vagaries. He professed himself before all things a Constitutionalist, but he was prepared to advocate measures which made his Constitutionalism a farce. Lord Randolph Churchill, for example, except on the Home-rule question, was a "thorough and convinced Radical of the old type," and Tory Democrats in general were only those whom some accident prevented from being Radicals. Such an anomalous creed cannot be self-consistent. If you remain in a party with which you are not in sympathy, you will not be content with differing on one point, but will soon acquire a fine mass of confused principles. Mr. Chamberlain's strictures on Lord Randolph Churchill were abundantly justified. "He borrowed," he said, "from the cast-off policy of all the extreme men of all the different sections. He took his Socialism from Mr. Burns and Mr. Hyndman; he took his local option from Sir Wilfrid Lawson; he took his Egyptian policy from Mr. Illingworth; he took his Metropolitan reform from Mr. Stuart; and he took his Irish policy from Mr. John Morley. Is this Toryism?" It was not; nor was it Liberalism, or Radicalism, or any other serious creed; it was political petulance. A profession of Toryism or Constitutionalism in such cases is a mere cover for a freakishness which in a Radical would be less piquant. Or there may be another explanation. "The truth is," says Lord Rosebery, "that there are and always have been men who believe that so

long as they call themselves Tories, they may blamelessly and harmlessly preach what doctrines they please; just as in some religious circles a man who believes himself to be numbered with the elect holds that his sanctity justifies his acts, and that he may do pretty much what he pleases."

On one point we differ from Lord Rosebery. "This at least is certain," he writes of Lord Randolph Churchill, "that he had the true political instinct for a constitutional country." We should have said rather that it was precisely this instinct which he lacked. His instincts, as his biographer points out, were Bohemian and aristocratic; though he delighted and amused, he did not permanently influence the great audiences who thronged to hear him; and, in our belief, he did not win, and could not have won, any real hold upon the confidence of the country. The people, who are not brilliant or quick or witty, have an astonishing gift of logic in their meditations, and they do not love the petulant, though they may often applaud it. They realize that egotism and vanity preclude patriotism in the long run, and that the fantastic is not often the true. Among their political axioms there is one "that the same thing cannot both be and not be at the same time and under the same conditions," and this it is the business of the school we have been describing daily to deny. The mode of thought did not pass with its most brilliant recent exponent. Lord Rosebery suggests that in the reorganization of the new Conservative Party the phrase "Tory Democracy" may once again be heard. We do not doubt it; but Tory Democracy is only one of the many phases of the creed. We have the Imperialist Home-ruler who wishes to begin the unification of the Empire by detaching Ireland; the Constitutional Liberal who is prepared to put large classes of the community outside the

law; the Free-trade Protectionist who with anxious heart does evil that some ultimate good may come; the Churchman who will buttress the Establishment by pulling it down. The name is legion of those who try to discredit the national axiom we have quoted, and

The Spectator.

whose watchword is "Contradiction in terms." And yet we are not greatly perturbed, for history has shown that statesmen of this persuasion, in spite of every quality of mind and heart, will in the end be found in the list of failures.

THE VICTORIAN NOVEL.

A book just published on the Victorian novelists¹ suggests the inquiry why it is that Victorian fiction is a product not to be ranked with the Athenian or the Elizabethan drama, or even with the contemporary fiction of Russia. The greater part of the book is about second-rate men, among them Douglas Jerrold, Samuel Lever, Le Fanu, and Whyte Melville. Mr. Melville writes on Thackeray, but not on Dickens, George Eliot, or the Brontës. His best essays, perhaps, are on Disraeli and Henry Kingsley, neither of whom has yet had due justice done to him. He is a very sound critic of particular books, and you can trust him to tell you what to read and what not to read; but he does little more than this. He seems to have no general ideas about the Victorian novelists. He says little or nothing about the common characteristics of Victorian fiction or about the manner in which it differs from the fiction of to-day. Even when he writes of one of the greatest men, of Thackeray who is his own special study, he has nothing very new to say about him. He tries to refute the old charge of cynicism, a charge which nobody makes now. "Thackeray," he says, "could depict gentlemen as scarcely any other writer of fiction has done; Colonel Newcome, Esmond, Major Pendennis in spite of

his worldliness, and Lord Steyne in spite of his morals." This is rather dangerous praise of a great writer. We are never moved to ask of any of Tolstoy's characters whether they are gentlemen or no. We think of them only as human beings, as we think of the characters in *King Lear* or *Macbeth*. Very delightful books can be written about gentlemen and ladies; but the greatest books are about men and women. It is a weak point in Victorian novels that most of them, even the best, are either about people who are gentlemen and ladies or about people who are not, and that the writers of them are apt to be always thinking about the class to which their characters belong.

Energy and diversity are the first things to strike us about Victorian fiction. Dickens of course is the great instance of energy, but Charlotte and Emily Brontë, Surtees, the two Kingsleys and Charles Reade are not less energetic. They all seem to have written as Jehu drove; and then their energy took such different forms. Dickens, Surtees, and Reade were inexhaustible in invention. Charlotte and Emily Brontë were never weary of passion. Charles and Henry Kingsley were never weary of action. But none of these seem to have had much time to think. Their likes and dislikes are very strong, and they run at an abuse like a bull at a red rag. They toss it

¹ "Victorian Novelists." By Lewis Melville, London: Constable. 12s. 6d. net.

and tear it to shreds; but it is always some particular abuse, not any general evil of society. None of them seem to have asked themselves whither that strange, new, furious society in which they lived was tending. None of them seem to have had any theories about their art, like their French contemporaries, or any theories about life in general. They spent themselves in invention and had no more energy left for ideas than men who labor in the fields. They had a strong belief that the collective will of man could abolish particular abuses; but they never inquired whether the collective will of man could change the conditions of his existence. Dickens seems to have become suddenly aware that the poor law and the law in general were not administered as they should be; and he hammered at these things as a man might hammer at a nail in his boot that galled his foot. He had an enormous capacity for pity, as he had an enormous capacity for love; but his love and his pity, like his hatred, were all for individuals and particular things. And so it was with Thackeray. While Dickens felt the nail in his boot, Thackeray, like the princess in the fairy tale, felt the pea under the mattress; and his characters, too, are all apt to be too conscious of the pea under the mattress. They are so much taken up with the little things of life that they never have time to pull themselves together and think of great matters. Thackeray is the most intimate of our novelists; but he tells us little or nothing of the history of his characters' minds. Compare any of the finest of his characters; compare George Warrington or Esmond himself with Tolstoy's Levin in *Anna Karenina*, or Peter in *War and Peace*. To Levin and Peter there come great experiences and great moments such as come to all men worth making heroes of. But we do not hear of such things in the lives of

Esmond or George Warrington. There is the scene where Esmond returns and sees Lady Castlewood in Winchester Cathedral, a beautiful experience beautifully told, but it is all emotion. It has a great effect on Esmond's heart, but none, apparently, on his mind. Indeed one feels that Thackeray's characters are not liable to experiences of the mind as Tolstoy's characters are; and that Thackeray does not much believe in the influence of thought upon character. When Peter in *War and Peace* is a French prisoner with the other prisoners, his experience of the ultimate facts of life affects his whole character and all his subsequent ideas of life. When Levin goes to see his dying brother, and watches the manner in which his wife cares for him, he feels that he is learning things about life which he never knew before; and the reader too is made to feel the importance of his experience. The novel has this great advantage over the drama, to compensate for so many disadvantages, that it can tell us about the past experiences of a mind as the drama cannot tell us; and Tolstoy and Turgenieff make the utmost use of this advantage.

Our great English novelists do not. They tell us little that could not be told more vividly and concisely in a play; and so we cannot but feel that their novels are an inferior form of art to the greatest drama. In the drama, the swiftest, most concise and most vivid form of literature, there is seldom much room for the expression of ideas. It deals with the critical passages in men's lives and it can only hint at all the long experiences of the mind by which its characters have been prepared for those passages. But in the novel these experiences can be treated at length, and they are so treated in the great novels of Tolstoy, in *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*; and so these books seem to tell us things about

men and women that we have never found in any of the older kinds of literature. Tolstoy, because he was profoundly interested in ideas as being a great part of the life of man, made ideas a great part of his subject-matter; and he revealed character just as much through ideas as through action. In his masterpieces the ideas seem to belong to the characters, just as much as tricks of speech and oddities of appearance belong to the characters of Dickens. Our great Victorian novelists are wonderful observers of what men say and what they do, of their gestures and faces and clothes and habits. But Tolstoy, besides noting all these things, is a wonderful observer of men's thoughts. You will find in a great English novel one character, or perhaps two, observed from the inside. David Copperfield is so observed and George Warrington in *The Virginians*, and oddly enough, Rosamond Vincey in *Middlemarch*, and Ravenshoe. There is also a good deal of Thackeray's own tender melancholy in his *Esmond*. But in Tolstoy's greater books the majority of the characters seem to be observed from the inside, both men and women. You would think that not only Peter and Levin were Tolstoy himself, but that in Natasha he was remembering his own youth, and that in some former existence he must have been a young wife and mother, like Kitty; and the reason of this is that he has been accustomed to study people's ideas and that he knows how they think no less than how they talk and act and look.

In fact, the great defect of the Victorian novelists is that they do not see the importance of ideas in the making of characters and that was the great defect of their age. Speaking generally, the people of that time did not look upon thought as a very serious thing. They valued action and facts; but as for ideas they held that all that were of real importance had been fixed

for ever, and that speculation was a kind of game to be played for a little in leisure hours, but dangerous if played too seriously. Certainly it is dangerous; but we cannot do without it, especially in a time when conditions are changing and knowledge increasing more swiftly than ever before. All through the nineteenth century men did things with a vast and blind energy, and that vast and blind energy was expressed in the novels of the time, and most clearly of all in the novels with a purpose, which were then so fashionable. For in such novels—in *Bleak House* or *It is Never too Late to Mend*, for instance—the particular abuse aimed at is always attacked as a politician might attack it. It is a piece of foreign matter, hard concrete and isolated, embedded in the story and not to be dissolved by the writer's imagination. For he, like a politician, believes in doing, not in thinking; he hopes so to work upon his readers that some one will bring a Bill into Parliament to abolish his abuse. To the novelist of ideas a particular abuse would be but an instance of some evil tendency in life, and it would come into his story only to illustrate that tendency and to show how it affected the minds of his characters. Dickens and Charles Reade illustrate abuses with an extraordinary fertility of invention, but they never make these abuses quite real to us, because they never succeed in working them into the lives of their characters. Their novels with a purpose are defective artistically because they are defective intellectually, and indeed the main defects of Victorian fiction are intellectual. These wonderful novelists could do anything except think; and owing to their lack of thought they exhausted their art instead of strengthening it. They established no school and no tradition for the unfortunate novelists of our time to carry on. Their energy seems to have died out as

it had to die out, because it was not fed with ideas; and it will not come back to English novelists until they have acquired great ideas of life and until they begin to try to express them.

The Outlook.

THE REAL DUGALD DALGETTY.

It is highly remarkable, although after all, only in keeping with the adventurous spirit of the race, what hordes of fighting men have poured out upon the Continent, and indeed the world at large, from this geographically inconsiderable portion of Europe, the British Isles. In all ages, and for nearly all causes, since Siward, Earl of Gloucester, led his Saxons, in the eleventh century, to Constantinople, to form part of the Varangian Guard of the Byzantine Emperors, until comparatively recent years, wherever fighting has been afoot, there the British soldier of fortune has usually been found, leading the native-born troops of his foreign master, or, in many cases, organized bodies of his own countrymen. Modern conditions have greatly restricted the activities of the soldier of fortune, and, coupled with this, there has been the more potent circumstance that until the war in the Far East broke out, our own Army had enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the world's military operations for nearly thirty years. The Foreign Enlistment Act notwithstanding, however, it is likely that a sufficiently desperate war would again tempt forth sons of the old adventurer stock.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw the heyday of the soldier of fortune, and considering the probable population of the British Isles during those centuries, it is something of a mystery where the droves of British adventurers who went off to the foreign wars came from. Although there were always numbers of Englishmen serving abroad, it was naturally the

poorer and more disturbed Scotland and Ireland which furnished the bulk of these wandering brethren of the sword. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden is said to have at one time had thirteen thousand British soldiers in his army, mainly Scots. Again, it has been asserted that between the years 1691 and 1745, more than four hundred and fifty thousand Irish soldiers died in the French service. Assuming these latter astonishing figures to be correct, it is probable that large numbers were young Franco-Irishmen, or if of unmixed parentage, were yet born in France. The Spanish, Austrian, and Russian armies also held large numbers of Scots and Irish officers.

The principal field of Scots military enterprise abroad, however, was found in the Thirty Years War, a struggle, in the fortunes of which the national religious sympathies were, naturally, intimately engaged. The author of "Waverley" has immortalized the Scots soldier of this period in the person of Dugald Dalgetty, and, incidentally, furnished material for how many copyists? But just as the D'Artagnan of the great Dumas was founded on a real D'Artagnan, so also there was a real Dugald Dalgetty—Robert Monro, some time an officer in the Danish and Swedish services, and later, a general in the Civil War. Like the real D'Artagnan, Monro also left memoirs, but the connection between the authentic Monro of the memoirs and the formidable, but entertaining gentleman whom the young Earl of Monteth is made to encounter in the opening pages of the "Legend of Montrose," is much closer

than that between the D'Artagnan of the memoirs and the D'Artagnan of Dumas.

Robert Monro, a cousin of Robert Monro of Fowls, commonly known as the "Black Baron," learned the elements of soldiering in the Scottish Guard of Louis XIII. of France. He afterwards obtained a commission in Mackay's Regiment, levied in Scotland in 1626, for service under the King of Denmark, and which later became part of the "Green," or Scots Brigade in the Swedish Army. With the Mackay Regiment, Monro saw seven years' campaigning, rising during that time from lieutenant to colonel. Three years afterwards, he published an account of his experiences under the following heading, which is a preface rather than a title:

Monro his expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment, called MacKeye's Regiment levied in August 1626, by Sir Donald MacKeye Lord Rees Colonel, for his Majesties service of Denmark, and reduced after the battle of Nerling, in September 1634, at Wormes, in the Palz: Discharged in several duties and observations of service, first, under the magnanimous King of Denmark, during his wars against the Empire; afterwards under the invincible King of Sweden, during his Majesties' life-time; and since under the Director-General, the Rex-Chancellor Oxensterne, and his Generals: Collected and gathered together at spare hours, by Colonel Robert Monro, as First Lieutenant under the said Regiment, to the noble and worthy Captain Thomas MacKenzie of Kildon, brother to the noble Lord, the Lord Earl of Seaforth, for the use of all noble Cavaliers favoring the laudable profession of arms. To which is annexed the Abridgment of Exercise, and divers Practical Observations for the Younger Officer. Ending with the Soldier's Meditations on going on Service. London, Printed by William Jones in Red-Crosse Streete. 1637.

The approaches of the book are

further defended, to use the military style which would probably have commended itself to the author, by a dedication to the Elector Palatine:

After seven yeares March in the warres of *Germany* with one Regiment, it being rent in the battell of *Nerlin*, at last I retired unto Britaine, to levie againe, for the further advancement of the good cause, and being at the Court of England, attending employment etc.

Following this are some Latin verses from the pen of a Dutch author in praise of the Colonel himself, and thereafter the work of the regiment is set out in tireless, and, it must be admitted, frequently tiresome detail. Each occurrence, of more or less importance, is put down separately as a "Dutie," and invariably followed up with an attendant "Observation," of the nature of what clergymen called the "practical application." There is little profit in following out the prolix descriptions of endless "leaguers, storms, onslaughts, and outfalls," but here and there amid the details, reflections, and military maxims, one comes upon quaint glimpses of life and character, and one notes also how thoroughly Scott extracted the essence of the book. In the early pages there is a bit of pure Dalgetty. The Mackay men, observing that some English troops with whom they were joined under the Danish colors, were paid weekly, whereas they themselves were receiving only their rations, became, as might be expected, very discontented. "Nevertheless," says Monro, eager for the good name of his countrymen,

I did never heare of our Nations mutinie, nor of their refusall to fight, when they saw their enemies, though I have seene other nations call for Guilt, being going before their enemy to fight, a thing very disallowable in either Officer or Souldier, to prefer a little money to a world of credit.

Captain Dalgetty's experience of sentry-go, related in the second chapter of

the "Legend of Montrose," was, as will be seen, taken bodily, and with but slight alteration, from *Monro*:

. . . As also sometimes to stand six or seaven houres longer than ordinaire at the centrie posture; as I was once made to stand in my younger yeares at the Louver gate in Paris, being then in the Kings Regiment of the Guards, passing my prenticeship, for sleeping in the morning, when I ought to have been at my exercise, for punishment I was made to stand from eleven before noone, to eight of the Clocke in the night Centry, Armed with Corslet, Head-piece, Bracelets, being Iron to the teeth, in a hot Summers day, till I was weary of my life.

Dalgetty is made to describe himself as sentenced to eight hours of this punishment, which was an hour in his favor, and in a bitter frost, doubtless as uncomfortable as, but much less exhausting, than the summer heat of Paris. But what a light either version sheds on the frightful severities of those by-gone days. *Monro* is supposed to have died in 1680, his French service took place before 1626, so that he can have been little more than a boy when he received such punishment for a minor offence. And yet he finishes, rather unexpectedly, with, "which ever made me the more strict in punishing those under my Command."

Another passage in *Monro's* book shows how the rivalry and dissensions which ever weakened a feudal army had not been wholly removed under the military system of the seventeenth century. Being left in command of the regiment, in the absence of the lieutenant-colonel, while it was in garrison at Assens, in Denmark, Major *Monro*, as he then was, had a dispute with the major in charge of a portion of a cavalry regiment, quartered in the same town, as to who should issue or-

ders in the garrison, "which," says *Monro*, rather naively, "did bring an emulation betwixt our Souldiers and the horsemen, so that in severall rancounters had in the Garrison, three or foure on each side were killed." For three years the Mackay Regiment marched and fought round about the Baltic, drawing the pay (when they could) of Christian IV. of Denmark. Then, joining Gustavus, the Mackays wandered further afield, marching and fighting through Germany, halting, one time, in "Berlein in the Marke of Brandenburg."

In due course, Colonel *Monro* came home, and his later exploits belong to the history of our own Civil War. In June 1639, he commanded a division in the force which repulsed Holland from before Kelso. A year later he was sent to Aberdeen with some eight hundred men. There, he is said to have acted with severity, which seems likely. His troops were badly paid, but under his iron rule, in the main, orderly. One mutineer he killed with his own hand.

When the Scots Estates lent the English Parliament troops for service in Ireland, *Monro* was appointed second in command under David Leslie. His Irish experiences, however, were by no means wholly fortunate. Advanced to a grade in which the statecraft of troublous times constantly trenched upon its more exclusively military activities, the plain, hard-hitting soldier of the German wars appears to have been rather at a disadvantage, and his Irish campaign culminated in five years' imprisonment in the Tower. He afterwards, however, returned to Ireland, where he had acquired lands through his marriage with Lady Jean Alexander, daughter of the first Earl of Stirling, and widow of the second Viscount Montgomery of Ardes. Like Dalgetty, he appears to have rounded off his active career with an advantageous mar-

riage. His last years were spent on the Montgomery estate, near Coomber, in the county Down, and he is supposed to have died about 1690. One can imagine him in these years, like Sir Du-

The Gentleman's Magazine.

gald, "very old, very deaf, and very full of interminable stories about the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant Faith."

ADELAÏDE RISTORI.

To the present generation the name of Adelaide Ristori is that of a once great actress; but to the playgoer of middle age it revives haunting memories of many never-to-be-forgotten impersonations of classical and historical characters in which the greatest actress of modern times excelled. In the loftiest tragedy she was incomparable, for Nature had endowed her with every attribute necessary to success in this branch of her profession—beauty of form and face, a flexible and mellow voice, and that indefinable something without which all the other gifts are as nothing—Genius. Born at Friuli in 1821, Adelaide Ristori was on the stage when only three months old: but was speedily withdrawn from public admiration, for, like Master Tommy Harris, "her 'owls' indeed 'were organs.' At fourteen she made her début, if we err not, as the heroine of Silvio Pellico's "Francesca da Rimini": in which she met, considering her age, with a certain measure of success, due no doubt quite as much to her exceeding beauty as to her exceptional talent. She belonged to a family of actors, members of a well-known touring troupe headed by Machiaroni, from whom Adelaide obtained a thorough grounding in stagecraft. The Machiaroni husband and wife were, however, old-fashioned players, apt to tear passion to tatters, and to storm and rant on occasion. The subtle talent and good sense of the young Adelaide soon led her to perceive that the methods

which had pleased eighteenth-century audiences were likely only to excite the merriment of those of the nineteenth: and she set to work to modify a good deal of what she had been taught, and so brought her art in closer contact with Nature. For some years she won popularity as a *comédienne* of a broader type, and her *Mirandolina* was certainly superior to that of Duse. To this part, which by the way she played for the last time some twenty-five years ago in her own drawing-room before a courtly audience, a very *parterre de princes*, she added several other of Goldoni's popular comedies, notably "La Scozese" and "La Vedova Scaltra." She next essayed some of the more actable of Alfieri's tragedies, and, following the example of Rachel, who had galvanized the over-stately heroines of Corneille and Racine into something like life, Ristori imparted by her more modern methods a new interest to those of Alfieri, whereby she added considerably to her popularity. Before she was twenty-two she had become the leading actress of Italy, but being in the neighborhood of Rome, Cupid, who happened to be playing somewhere about Frascati where she was performing, induced her to give her hand to the Marchese Capranica del Grillo, a young gentleman belonging to one of the most distinguished patrician families of Rome. It seems a long time ago now since this romantic event, for it was none other than the famous Cardinal Pacca who

Induced the parents of the bridegroom to forgive their son and accept the actress as their daughter-in-law. This led to her retirement from the stage, but with Ristori the passion for acting was too great to remain long subdued. Whilst taking part in a charity performance she was inspired by an irresistible desire to return to the stage, and with her husband's consent she determined to go on with a career for which she was so lavishly equipped. For some years she confined her study to the purely classical drama, varied occasionally by what might be termed descents into the Goldonian form of low comedy. Her art was, from the beginning, absolutely free from morbid emotion or hysteria, and so exceedingly direct that it would have been impossible for her at any period of her career to take such parts as *La Dame aux Camélias*, *La Tosca* or *Fedora*. She once remarked to me "I cannot portray vice, but I can understand and realize crime." All the more powerful passions were within her range—hatred, jealousy, remorse, revenge—but her love-making, except in farce, was as a rule a failure. Her mind, like her life, was so singularly crystalline that she could not understand mere vice. "I would rather be a great murderess," said she, "than a morbid sickly fantastica, such as are, for the most part, the heroines of your modern drama." In 1855—half a century ago!—Adelaide Ristori appeared in Paris. Rachel was then in her prime, and it was generally believed that the challenge of the Italian actress would prove disastrous to her. But the Parisians, ever appreciative of exceptional talent, were taken by storm, not only by the beauty but by the genius of the foreign artist: Rachel had found a rival at last! It happened that Legouvé had written for the great French actress a play on the subject of *Medea*, which that capri-

cious artist had at first accepted with enthusiasm and then refused with disdain. Translated into excellent Italian, it eventually became one of Ristori's favorite parts. As *Medea* she was from start to finish superb. It would be impossible to excel the forlorn majesty of her entrance in the first act, when, after a long and toilsome journey, the unhappy *Medea* lands in Corinth, with one child in her arms and the other clinging to her robes. Immediately on landing she falls in with *Creusa*, who has snatched the recalcitrant *Jason* from her. Who that has once beheld that performance can forget the wall of her answer when asked by *Orpheus* who she may be? "*Straniera*," replies the wandering demi-goddess, "a stranger." It was indeed the wall of a broken heart: but when at last her suspicions of *Creusa* are roused, and the girl asks her what she would do were she jealous, the infuriated *Medea*, now convinced that she stands in the presence of her rival, describes with terrible realism the leap of a panther upon its prey—and for a moment the audience seemed to behold *Medea*, changed into a wild beast, bounding upon its victim to tear it limb from limb. Suddenly her voice reassumed its natural tones, and with a sneer of infinite contempt she informs *Creusa* that that is what she would do if she were jealous. That speech was one of Ristori's greatest moments. Its vigor, its passion, and its vehemence, were unsurpassable, and yet a superb reticence kept it within the bounds of the highest art. Equally remarkable was the scene between *Elizabeth* and *Mary Stuart*, in a translation of Schiller's stilted drama. The concluding lines, in which *Mary* defies *Elizabeth* and reminds her that the throne of England is contaminated by a bastard, and that if she were in her right place it would be at her sister's feet, "*perchè il tuo re sono io*," in-

variably roused the audience to the utmost enthusiasm. Such acting was found to receive universal recognition, and from 1855 to 1875 the name of Ristori was popular throughout both hemispheres. S. Petersburg, Vienna, Copenhagen, and Stockholm raved over the great tragédienne, whilst in New York the theatre was packed at least an hour before the curtain rose. In her sixty-third year Mme. Ristori decided to take leave of the public, and bade farewell to the stage at Manchester: at least so she said, but a few years later she reappeared at Drury Lane and played Lady Macbeth and Queen Elizabeth in English with remarkable success. The last years of her life were spent in Rome in considerable seclusion, especially since the death of her husband, the Marchese Capranica del Grillo.

I saw her first in Florence, when I was quite a little boy, as Maria Stuarda. She was then in her prime, and though I was a mere child, scarcely a gesture or an expression of her mobile face, as she rehearsed the trials of the Queen of Scots, does not still linger in my memory, as fresh as if that noble impersonation had been witnessed but a few days ago. A year or so later she created the part of Elizabeth—or, it may be said, she "re-incarnated" Good Queen Bess with all her majesty, and her almost ludicrous foibles. The death-scene in this play, had it not been for the reticence of the actress, would have been absolutely shocking: it was so astoundingly real. Towards the end of her career—that is to say in 1869—Ristori produced Marie Antoinette. In the earlier scenes she was too much of an Italian for the part: she lacked the grace and suavity of the unfortunate Austrian princess. But in the four acts devoted to the awful episodes in the Temple, she held her audience spellbound—the tension was

almost unbearable—and the last act was frequently interrupted by the unrestrained sobs of the spectators. The fact is that Ristori's art differed probably from that of all modern actresses. In every part she undertook she became for the time being the person she represented. She had the gift of changing her features, her walk, her voice—everything—so that it was almost impossible to believe the stately Mary Stuart of one night could have been acted by the same woman who played the crafty, vain yet terrible Elizabeth on the following. Sarah Bernhardt is always Sarah Bernhardt, Duse is always Duse, and so it may be said of almost every other actress; but Ristori was always different. The greatest triumph of her life was probably the one which I witnessed in Florence many years ago at the celebration of the centenary of Dante. The piece chosen for this occasion was Pellico's "Francesca da Rimini." Salvini played Lancelotto, Rossi Paolo, old Malabarri Guido, and Ristori Francesca. No pen can do justice to this performance, in which the greatest three actors of Italy vied with each other to set off to its highest advantage the genius of the transcendent representative of Francesca. So terrifying was the impression produced by the matchless acting of these extraordinary artists that the curtain fell amid a silence which lasted for fully a minute, and it seemed an age before the pent-up feelings of the audience burst into a hurricane of applause. Alas! so ephemeral is the players' profession that of all this glory nothing remains but a memory. Ristori's name, however, with those of Rachel, Mars, Bernhardt, of our own Siddons, will endure indelibly recorded in the history of the art of the nineteenth century.

Richard Davey.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Taking for her heroine a rich and charming young widow, who needs scope for her energies as well as distraction from her grief, Helen M. Winslow, in "The President of Quex," presents the possibilities of the Woman's Club movement in its effect both on the individual and society. No one is better qualified than Miss Winslow to write on this subject, and her little volume is admirably adapted to its purpose. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

In his consideration of "Books, Culture and Character" Mr. J. N. Larned, author of the volume with that title which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish, is concerned with the moral and ethical aspects of the subject; and the seven chapters which make up the book are addresses and lectures which he has delivered at different times during the last dozen years or more before audiences of librarians and educators. His ideas are practical and suggestive.

A bright, wholesome and readable story for girls is "Daddy's Daughters," by Marion Ames Taggart. "Daddy" is a man of choice tastes and unusual talents, but without the practical ability to keep up the fine old house which he has inherited or to provide for the needs of his four growing daughters. The efforts of the girls to supplement the family income furnish a succession of lively incidents of just the sort to interest young people. Henry Holt & Co.

In "The Poet and the Parish," Mary Moss has essayed a study of the Bohemian and the Bourgeois, as personified by a brilliant young poet of Parisian training and ideals and the

crude, inexperienced but conventional girl whose beauty enlivens for him a dull winter in one of our smaller cities, and whose marriage with him furnishes the plot and problems of the story. The writer's talent is better fitted to a series of sketches than to a novel, and her present book is lacking in vital force, but it is cleverly written, daring and suggestive. Henry Holt & Co.

Among E. P. Dutton & Company's fall publications now ready, are "From Libau to Tsushima," being a narrative of the voyage of Admiral Rojdestvensky's Fleet from the Baltic to eastern seas where it met its fate, including a detailed account of the Dogger Bank incident, by Eugene S. Politovsky, chief engineer of the squadron, who was killed at the battle of Tsushima; "The King of Court Poets," a study of the Work, Life, and Times of Ariosto, by Edmund G. Gardner; "Court Life in the Dutch Republic," by the Baroness Van Zulen Van Nyevelt; and "In Constable's Country," by Herbert W. Tomkins with many reproductions from his paintings.

The publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of a complete edition of the "Poetical Works" of Edward Rowland Sill in the form of the Household Edition supplies a want which lovers of Sill's delicate and graceful verse have long felt. Mr. William Belmont Parker, who compiled the first single-volume edition of Sill's poems four years ago, is the compiler of the present edition. He has brought together as nearly as possible in chronological order the poems contained in the earlier slender volumes and has been able to add considerable material which was not contained in previous editions.

Varied in theme and unequal in power, the best of these verses are fine, sweet, subtle and suggestive in a high degree.

"Power Lot," the scene of Sarah P. McLean Greene's new novel, is a bleak hill-top overlooking the Bay of Fundy, and to it is sent by his doctor's orders, a dissipated and broken-down young millionaire. The homely work which he is driven to undertake, in the belief that he has squandered the whole of his fortune, brings him into close relation with the neighborhood life and gives opportunity for some amusing digressions in the writer's characteristic vein. But the central interest of the plot—the hero's struggle back to health and self-respect—is kept steadily in view, and the result is a story more than commonly readable and wholesome, though its moral is at some points, a trifle forced. The Baker & Taylor Co.

A correspondent of *The Academy* gives an illustration from Dorset of the bilingual speech of English villagers. The sense in which peasants of this county use common words is often remote and unexpected. The hay harvest this year was "plain, very plain," as an elderly harvester told the writer. Plain meant poor. Still more unusual is the use of "rough." "Father is very rough to-day," from the lips of a little girl, did not mean, as one supposed, that her parent was harsh and unkind, but that he was seriously ill; while, on the other hand, the same maiden's statement that her mother was in pain evoked quite the wrong kind of commiseration, for it appeared that the sufferer was not ill, but "in a temper." The moral conveyed by this last usage would have delighted Trench.

A very helpful and suggestive "Teachers' Guide" to the International

Sunday-School Lessons for 1907 has been prepared by Martha Tarbell, Ph.D. and published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis. The lessons for next year are drawn from the Old Testament and relate to the patriarchs and judges. Dr. Tarbell prefaces the exposition of the lessons with several chapters of geographical and historical information; and in the treatment of each lesson furnishes explanations of words and phrases, suggestive thoughts from various commentators and others, and suggestions as to methods of teaching the lesson so grouped as to be of service to teachers of different grades from classes of young children to those for adults. The illustrative material is drawn from a wide variety of sources and there are excellent maps.

The twenty sermons which make up the Rev. George A. Gordon's latest volume "Through Man to God" present various aspects of the central theme indicated by the title. Any one of them is of independent interest and may be read separately, but they derive unity and impressiveness from their grouping and arrangement. Dr. Gordon explains in his preface that the title of the book, and its underlying thought as well were suggested by the late John Fiske's "Through Nature to God." Dr. Gordon's book is not a criticism of Mr. Fiske's, but it is opposed to it in this sense, that Dr. Gordon believes that the true way to find out God is not through Nature but through man. It is to this noble quest that he invites his readers and he pursues it with that seriousness of purpose, closeness of reasoning and eloquence of language which characterize all his contributions to religious thought.

Mary Cholmondeley has not been in too great haste to follow up the success of "Red Pottage," and her de-

lay will serve to pique the interest of her readers in her new novel, "The Prisoners." In literal imprisonment is the gallant young Englishman who allows himself to be arrested for murder to save the reputation of his charming cousin, the duchess; immured in "the airless prison of their own egotism" are the duchess herself, and the new lover whom she favors after the death of the shrewd but generous old duke, and, indeed, nearly all the minor characters of the story. The opening scenes are laid in Italy but the action soon shifts to the quiet Hampshire home of the duchess' girlhood. The plot is ingenious and develops new possibilities to the very end, but the dominating interest is psychological, and as a study of a shallow woman's heart the story will not easily be surpassed in current fiction. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. publish "A Heart Garden," by Dr. J. R. Miller, a prettily-printed book containing twenty chapters of simple and practical religious counsel, which is well calculated to deepen the spiritual life. To their familiar series of devotional booklets the same publishers add "Christmas Making" and "The Beauty of Kindness," also by Dr. Miller; "The Challenge of the Spirit," by Ellis A. Ford; "Does God Comfort?" written by "One who has greatly needed to know"; and "The Personality of God," the sermon which Dr. Lyman Abbott delivered at Appleton Chapel some months ago and which aroused considerable discussion at the time. They publish also a tiny book of "Success Nuggets," by Orison Swett Marden, which is crowded with pungent, epigrammatic reflections upon life and conduct; "The Happy Family," by Dean Hodges of Cambridge, a sensible and serious but not too serious volume of practical suggestions upon such themes as "The Business of Being a Wife," "The Business of Being a

Mother," "The Business of Being a Father," etc.; and "Germelshausen," translated from the German of Frederick Gerstacker, by Clara M. Lathrop. This last is a delightful tale which readers of *The Living Age* will remember pleasantly in the translation which Dr. Hasket Derby made for these pages several years ago.

The first of three posthumous volumes by "Fiona Macleod" has been published. "Where the Forest Murmurs," a series of nature sketches—of observations, recollections, traditions—was written during the last three years of the author's life, at the instigation of the editor of *Country Life*, to whom the book is dedicated: they were written in England, in Scotland, in Italy, in Greece. The sketch which gives its title to the volume was composed on an Atlantic steamer, and another paper, "The Turn of the Tide," was written at Bronte, on the slopes of Etna, one week before the death of that dual personality known as William Sharp and "Fiona Macleod." Indeed, the volume contains a poem, "The Hill Tarn," that was originally printed under the signature of William Sharp in a number of Messrs. Geddes and Colleagues' quarterly, *The Evergreen*, and is now quoted in a sketch entitled "Running Waters." The second posthumous volume, "The Immortal Horn," will contain two Celtic tragic dramas. The third will be a collected edition of poems old and new written under the pseudonym of "Fiona Macleod"; and Mrs. William Sharp intends also to arrange for publication a selection from the three volumes of verse (two of which are out of print) by her husband, with the addition of a number of poems written in recent years. An opportunity will thus be given to those interested of comparing the different methods in which the author wrote under his two signatures.